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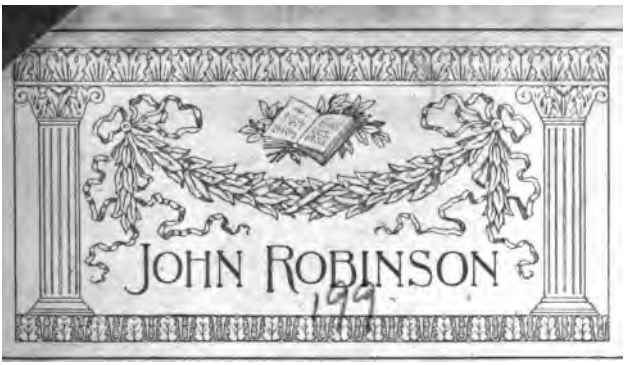
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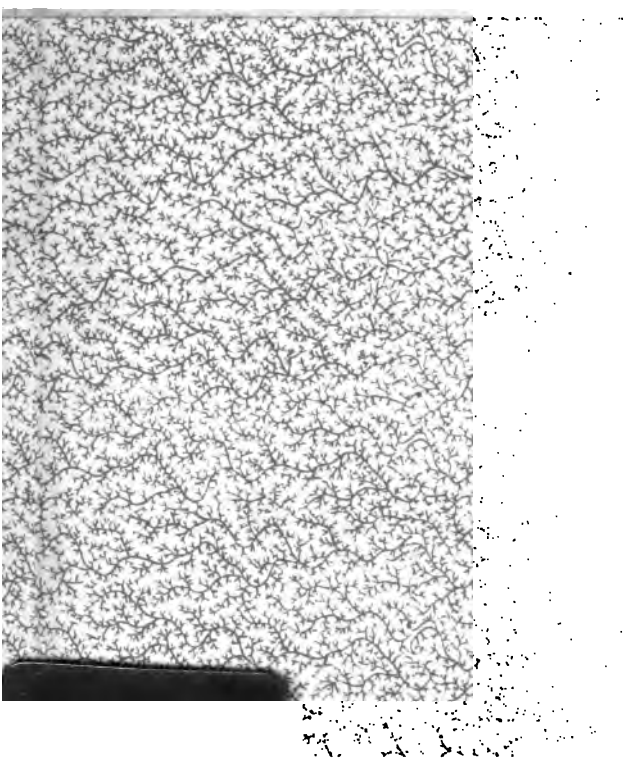
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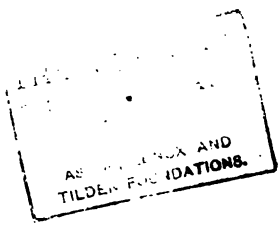

JOHN ROBINSON
199






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# THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.



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1834.

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THE

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A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,

OR

BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

1834.

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

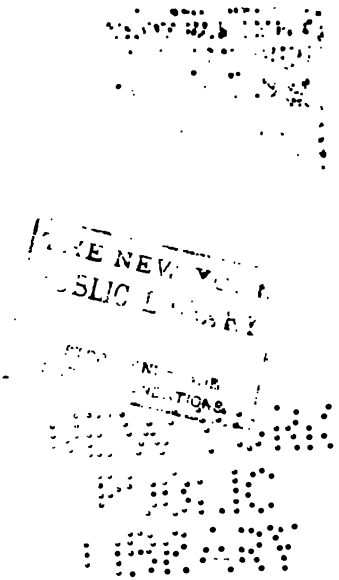
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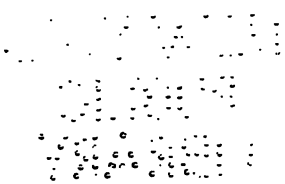
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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

# THE PRINCESS VICTORIA

THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF

## THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT

IS HUMBLY

AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

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# CONTENTS.


PAGE

Hail-stones. By the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D. 9

What does it matter? By George Boaze..... 17

The Candidates. By Miss Pardoe..... 21

An English Farm-Yard. By Mrs. S. C. Hall..... 23

The Grasshopper. By Allan Cunningham..... 40

Blowing Bubbles. By W. H. Harrison..... 42

The First Mariners. By the Rev. Charles Williams 44

The Bird at Sea. By Mrs. Hemans..... 53

Asiatic Adventures. By Miss Emma Roberts..... 55

Goody Two-Shoes. From her Rambles..... 63

The New-Year's Gifts. By Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia..... 65

The Guardian. By Charles Swain..... 98

The Game of "The Traveller." By the Author of "Selwyn in search of a Daughter"..... 102

The Bee. By Mrs. Godwin..... 121

Temper in Trifles. By Mrs. Fletcher (late Miss Jewsbury)..... 124

The Forest-Spring. By Richard Howitt..... 133

PAGE

Stanzas. By Richard Howitt..... ..... 136
The Young Fisherman. By Mrs. Hofland ..... 137
The Traitor's Dog. By the late Miss Anna Maria Porter..... ..... 152
A Useless Hour..... ..... 155
The Village Rogue. By Laman Blanchard ..... 161
The Pet Donkey. By Miss Dagley..... 163
To a Tear. By the Author of "Selwyn in search of a Daughter"..... ..... 185
Little Rachel. By the late Rev. F. P. Hoole ..... 187
The Village Pump..... 196
The Mountain Daisy. By Cornelius Webbe ..... 198
Jocko, an Indian Anecdote..... 200

# HAIL-STONES.

By THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

*D.*—What causes the difference between hail and snow, papa?

*F.*—They are both water in a state of vapour, frozen in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

*D.*—But snow is a beautiful feathery thing, light, soft, and delightful to look at; while hail is in ugly, mishapen heavy lumps. If they both are the same thing, and produced by the same cause, why are they so different in shape and appearance?

*F.*—It is not easy, indeed, to account for this difference, which has puzzled philosophers. Some say it is caused by what is called electricity, which occasions the particles of water to attract one another together, so as to form lumps; and it is certain, that if hail be accompanied by a thunder-storm, which is now found to be the same as electricity, the stones will be much larger than on ordinary occasions.

*D.*—I do not rightly understand all that, but is there no easier way to account for it?

*F.*—Others think, more simply, that snow is vapour frozen before it begins to descend, and so it falls lightly, with all those beautiful feathery crystals into which it shoots undisturbed; but hail is vapour formed into rain-drops, which, passing through some cold stratum of air as it comes down, are immediately congealed into similar lumps, which you see leaping and rolling about when they strike the ground.

*D.*—Do not they sometimes cause a great deal of mischief when they fall?

*F.*—Snow is as beneficial as it is beautiful: it completely covers the earth in winter like a soft mantle, protecting, while it remains, the tender plants from being injured by too severe a frost; and when it dissolves, it acts like some rich manure, sinking, as it melts, into the soil, and impregnating it with richness and fertility; so that the winters during which it falls most abundantly, are generally succeeded by more fruitful summers.

*D.*—But does not hail do the same thing?

*F.*—No; on the contrary, it seems every way injurious. In winter it does not lie so close and so long as to cover the ground with any pro-

tection; and in summer, when it is more usual, it has only a chilling and blasting effect.

*D.*—Is not hail sometimes very large; much larger than we see it in this country?

*F.*—Yes; and that is another reason why it is so injurious. In France and Italy it falls of such a size as to break and destroy their tender vines and fruit-trees, on which the poor people depend for their subsistence.

*D.*—Then I suppose it resembles the hail of which we read such a terrible account in the Bible?

*F.*—Not the ordinary hail which breaks the branches and bruises the buds of their vines, which seldom exceeds the size of a hazel-nut; but, occasionally, there come down stones of such immense magnitude, as strongly to impress on our minds the full truth of the awful accounts of the Scripture.

*D.*—What is the size of the largest hail that ever was seen?

*F.*—That mentioned in the Bible was probably larger than any other, when God made use of it as an instrument to punish his enemies; as we are told in the book of Joshua, that "He cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, where they died; and there

were more that died by the hail-stones, than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword."

*D.*—What are the largest mentioned by profane writers?

*F.*—Mezeray, in his History of France, says, that in the year 1510 there fell in Italy a shower of hail accompanied by thunder and lightning, and the stones were 100lbs. weight. Such things falling from the sky must have been tremendous indeed. Other authors mention hail-stones of thirteen and fourteen inches in circumference, in various parts of the world.

*D.*—Did you ever see any of this large hail, papa?

*F.*—Yes; twice in different places. The first time in the island of Zante, in the middle of winter. It came down from the sky immediately after an earthquake had shaken the land. The stones which fell resembled pieces of ice, of different shapes and sizes: they were discharged from a cloud as black as pitch, and came with such force that they dashed in the roofs of houses, and severely bruised every one that could not get under shelter. I escaped with others into a Greek church, but not before I

* Joshua, x. 10, 11.

had received some smart blows and painful contusions. After the shower, which did not last long, the hail remained in lumps in the streets like heaps of paving-stones; and though they were followed by heavy rain, some of them did not dissolve for the whole day. I examined, measured, and weighed several of them. They were generally about three inches long, and two broad, of very irregular shapes, resembling lumps of ice that had begun to melt, and they weighed about two ounces.

*D.*—Where did you see the other hail-storm?

*F.*—At Buykderé on the Bosphorus, near the mouth of the Black Sea, about twelve years after. As the former had followed an earthquake, so this latter came after a great conflagration. The town of Pera had been just before burnt down by an awful fire, which consumed all the palaces of the ambassadors at Constantinople, and the houses of the Franks, with about ten thousand of those of the Greeks and Turks; so that not only our own, but those of all our friends were consumed, and we were driven to take refuge in a large edifice on the sea-shore, about twelve or fourteen miles distant. One morning in autumn we saw a dark, dismal-looking cloud approaching along the Bosphorus,

as if it came directly from the ruins of the smoking city. At first we perceived here and there something like large stones plumping into the water, and making a great splash; but presently they came like a discharge of cannon-shot directly against the house, and soon smashed the roof to pieces. The windows were all burst in, and the hail drove through every room, bounding about like balls from wall to wall, and forcing us to fly before it, and take shelter in the lower part of the house.

*D.*—Was any one hurt?

*F.*—It was so early in the morning, that few people were abroad. Some Greeks, however, who were watching their vineyards on the hills about, were severely wounded, and two of them killed, with sundry sheep and fowls in the village below; but the injury was not so great as might have been expected from so extraordinary and awful a circumstance. The stones were much larger and more compact than those I had examined at Zante. Some of them were smooth, single, heavy masses of solid ice; some were in lumps and protuberances, as if several smaller ones had been frozen together; and some were beautifully formed with one layer over another, like the coats of a bulbous root. Their general

size was seven or eight inches in circumference, but several were much larger. One of these was weighed and measured by my apothecary, and was found to be a mass of solid ice of 112 drachms, or 1 lb. in weight, and 14 inches in circumference! It did not appear that this tremendous ball had struck any one, otherwise, coming with such velocity from the sky, it must have destroyed any animal like an iron bullet.

*D.*—Did the shower last long or extend far?

*F.*—No; the cloud passed in about ten minutes, and was lost to our view in the Black Sea; it also seemed of a small size, and the space over which it extended very limited. It travelled rapidly along the European shore of the Bosphorus, tearing and tattering every thing in its way; while the opposite shore of Asia, though distant in some places only one mile, enjoyed a serene sky and a tranquil atmosphere. In sailing down in a caique the next day, we saw the country on one side of us smiling in great beauty; and on the other nothing but windows smashed, roofs beat in, trees torn to pieces; and this was a continued picture of desolation from the Black Sea to the sea of Marmora, a distance of nearly twenty miles.

*D.*—I suppose then, papa, you can clearly

comprehend the nature of those terrible hail-stones that are mentioned in the Bible?

*E.*—Yes; in the oriental countries, at this day, every thing confirms the truth of the Sacred Scriptures. The hand of God is still visible there as it was of old, and in the same manner; and as he shews us his rainbow in the sky, to assure us of his love and mercy, so he occasionally permits those portentous stones to fall from it, to convince us how awful is his anger, and that the same instruments he once used he still has in his hand to punish a guilty people.

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## WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

By GEORGE BOAZE.

THERE were six little pigs, as I've heard people say,
Went out with their mother-pig walking one day;
The sun shone so bright, and the air was so free,
They might all have been happy as happy could be.

And so they all were, except one little brother,
Who thought he was wiser, poor thing! than his mother;
And was always contriving some nonsense to chatter,
And when she reproved him, said, "What does it matter?"

"I scarcely need answer," his mother would say;
"You yourself will discover the matter one day:
Take my word you'll repent it, or sooner or later."
Says he, "Grant I repent it, why what will it matter?"

Just while they were talking a mastiff passed by,
Enjoying the sunshine and pretty blue sky;
Said this bad little pig, "How I long to displease
him—
I daresay if I grunt it will mightily tease him."

His mother replied, "It were better by far
To let him be quiet, and stay where you are,
For if you affront him he'll bite you, I know:"
"But what matters it whether he bites me or no?"

Said the silly young thing, and he scampered away
And grunted at doggy—but what did dog say?
Why he turned round, and, seizing pig's ear with
his teeth,
He tore it, and worried him nearly to death;

Then took himself off, and pig ran away too,
And came to his mother to know what to do;
Who took no account of his crying and clatter:
He said, "Oh my ear!" she said, "What does it
matter?

"'Tis only the bite that I bade you beware of;
Besides, your own ear you can surely take care of
I wonder to hear *you* consulting another,
Especially *me*, your poor ignorant mother!"

All this time little piggy was crying and screaming,
And over his cheeks the salt tear-drops were streaming;
And sadly he grieved as he cast his eyes round,
And saw all his brothers with ears safe and sound.

You'll think after this he was prudent and wise,
And loved his good mother, and took her advice;
You'll think he began his bad ways to forsake,
But this, I assure you, is quite a mistake.

For still he was naughty as naughty could be,
And as often was punished—then sorry was he;
But as soon as he fairly was rid of the pain,
He forgot all about it, and did wrong again.

It happened one day, as the other pigs tell,
In the course of their walk they drew near to a well,
So wide and so deep, with so smooth a wall round,
If a pig tumbled in it was sure to be drowned.

So their mother stopped two who were running a race,
Saying, "Children, take care! 'tis a dangerous place;
Walk soberly on till you're safe past the water:"
"Why it is but a well, and pray what does that matter?"

Said the obstinate animal, foolish as ever;
But thinking himself very cunning and clever,
He made up his mind that whatever befell,
He would run on before, and jump over this well.

"For," says he, "cats and dogs can jump ever so high,
And frogs live in the water, and why should not I?
I suppose they'll allow I'm as wise as a frog,
And I'll very soon *shew* I can jump like a dog."

Away scampered he to one side of the well,
Climbed up to the top—missed his footing, and fell;
From the bottom he set up a pitiful shout,
"Mother! help! I am in, and I cannot get out!"

She ran to the side when she heard his complaint,
And saw him in agony, struggling and faint,
But no help could she give—"Ah! my children," said she,
"How often I told him just how it would be!"

"Oh mother! oh mother!" the little pig cried,
"Now I really repent of my folly and pride;
Oh! I'm sure I shall die!" and he sunk down and died;
While his mother and brothers wept round the well-side.

## THE CANDIDATES.

By Miss PARDOE.

"Come, pretty Dash, and you shall dine
Most sumptuously to-day;
I love to see your sleek coat shine,
And look so bright and gay!
I'll pick you out the nicest meat—
For all this is my own—
And while you have your famous treat,
We'll give old Snap a bone.

"I don't like Snap, he's coarse and rough,
And has so fierce an eye;
They say he's useful—shocking stuff!
What *can* that signify?
But you, dear Dash, are always smart,
Your hair's so nicely curl'd;
I do not think that I could part
From *you*, for all the world!

" What! growl, dear Dash? fie! that is wi
On getting such a slice;
Why even Snap can hold his tongue,
Whose bone is not so nice—
I'm really quite surprised to find
Your courtesy thus fail;
Do you not know, when I am kind,
That you should wag your tail?"

Dear little one! the world may learn
A lesson here from thee;
And gather wisdom in its turn
From thoughtless infancy.
For very oft as trivial things
The wheel of Fortune clog,
And her best gifts she blindly flings
As thou dost to thy dog.

The fair and gay that world will woo,
Neglecting sense and worth;
Heedless, while flowers the surface strev
That gems are hid in earth.
Contented, if it does but see
The tinsel's paltry flash,
To choose as thoughtlessly as thee,
Between poor Snap and Dash!

## AN ENGLISH FARM-YARD.

By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"Dear mamma, let me go and stay with Lucy Blossom, and learn to be a farmer. When I went there with Jane to-day, she gave me strawberries and cream; and I saw the pigeons and the poultry, such darling chickens—little tiny ones, mamma, just out of the egg; and pigs—grunting pigs—lambs, foals, calves——Oh! do let me go and stay with pretty Lucy Blossom, and do all she does!"

"Stay with Lucy Blossom you could, my dear," replied Lady Mandeville to her little daughter Annette; "but I doubt the possibility of your doing all she does."

"Then, mamma, I do not," said the young lady, with a contemptuous smile, very unbecoming a young lady's face; "I have been much better educated, you know, and so I ought to be able to do every thing."

"I very much doubt, my love, if you have been at all better educated, if we take into

consideration the different stations you are to occupy."

"Goodness me, mamma! how can you say so? have I not learnt drawing, and dancing, and French, and music, and a little poonah-painting, and calisthenic exercises, and ——"

"Stop, Annette, and do not overwhelm me with a list of your accomplishments; you have learnt, as you call it, all these things, though you cannot put any of them in practice unless your governess is at your elbow. Whereas poor Lucy can practise all she knows without any such help."

"She told me she could do nothing but read and write."

"She underrated her acquirements, while you overrate yours; she can do many other things."

"Can she, mamma?"

"Indeed she can; she can wash, and sew, and iron, and make butter; and she understands the bringing up of ducks, and ——"

"My dear mamma, do you call these accomplishments?"

"They are the acquirements necessary for the condition in which she is placed. But I will let you go and spend an entire week with Lucy Blossom, on these conditions;—that you engage to assist Lucy in all she does; that you expect

to have nothing done for you; and that you take half her work off her hands, while you are at Bloom Farm."

"Oh, my dear, darling mamma! how good you are; to be sure! I shall be delighted! When may I go?—may I go now, or this evening? pray let me go before to-morrow, do, dear, dear mamma."

"You shall go this evening; I will take you myself; but remember you are to take half Lucy's work off her hands, and you are to do every thing for yourself."

"Depend upon it—but," said Annette, after a pause, "must I lace my own stays, and dress my own hair?"

"Indeed you must; and get up at five, as Lucy does."

"I am sure Lucy *can* do nothing which *I* cannot do," replied Annette, with her usual self-conceit; and immediately Lady Mandeville sent the footman to Bloom Farm to apprise the good dame of the visit the young lady of the manor was about to make, for she desired not to inconvenience her tenant's wife, who was, moreover, her own foster-sister—a plain, well-educated woman—rustic, but not vulgar. She knew that Annette could with her learn nothing ill, or even

unlady-like, and might receive a lesson in the correction of her superabundant vanity. Miss Mandeville had been but little with her dear and amiable mamma, who had accompanied her husband to India, and been obliged to leave her child behind her. Lady Mandeville returned a widow, and immediately took Annette from a fashionable school, and kept her under her own eye. Weeds grow more rapidly than flowers; and Annette had imbibed a more than ordinary quantity of extravagance and self-opinion—a habit of thinking that she could do all things, and every thing well. When Lady Mandeville arrived at the farm, she told the good dame her object in (as she kindly termed it) taking the liberty of sending her daughter to learn wisdom and industry at Bloom Farm, and requested Mrs. Blossom to assist her plan, and to offer no aid either at Miss Mandeville's toilet, or in the varied occupations she would have during her week's residence at an English farm-yard.

The evening passed delightfully: Lucy's work was finished, and she had ample time allowed for recreation; the cows were in the byre, and every thing ready for the morning's milking; and Lucy shewed Miss Mandeville her garden.

"You have not a great many pretty flowers,

Lucy; I will give you some balsams, and some of our hothouse plants."

"Thank you, miss," replied the farmer's daughter; "but we have no hothouse, and balsams require much care, and more time than I could give them. I have fine roses, and plenty of sweet pea and mignonette, of which the bees are very fond; and here is thyme, and sweet marjoram, lavender, and mint, and sage; all of which I dry for winter use."

"For winter use? what do you mean by that?"

"Thyme, marjoram, sage, and some others, are used in stuffings and potted meats; mint is excellent in pease-soup, and lavender makes our linen smell sweet without any expense."

"Mamma was right," thought Miss Mandeville; "she does know more than I do. What quantities of currants and gooseberries you have!"

"We cannot afford foreign wines, miss; so my mother makes us wine of our own fruit—you shall taste it on Sunday; we always have a glass of either gooseberry or currant wine on Sundays."

"Wine only on Sundays!" again thought Annette, "and yet how rosy she looks!"

"The sun has set, and the candles are lit; so we must have supper, prayers, and then to bed," said the farmer's wife.

Annette's walk had given her an appetite she managed a slice of home-baked bread, a draught of exquisite fresh milk, as well as new companion Lucy; and, young as she there was something she thought very goo the farmer's calling his two men and one m servant into their clean small parlour, and r ing in a gentle voice a portion of Scripture, a few of our beautiful church prayers; while very rose and woodbine outside the latticed dow, and the sweet nightingale on the old th tree, offered their perfume and music as an e ing sacrifice to that God from whom all bless are derived.

"Good night, young lady," said Farmer B som; "my Lucy, here, has a way of alw kneeling for her father's blessing; it makes sleep the sounder-like."

Annette's heart filled with sorrow, and eyes with tears. "I have no father to bless n she thought; "and though I am rich and a l Lucy Blossom is happier than I am!" Miss M deville ought to have remembered that she h most kind mother, and been thankful; but young are too often forgetful of God's goodne

The next morning, before Annette was ou her first sleep, she was awakened by Lucy.

"You really must get up; my two cows have been lowing for me these ten minutes, miss; and it does the poor things a great deal of harm to keep them waiting."

"Lowing! mooing, I always call it," replied Annette, rubbing her eyes; "but do you really milk two cows yourself?"

"This morning I am only to milk one; for my mother says you are to have Snowdrop, and she is now waiting to shew you how to manage."

Annette remembered her promise to her mother, and, notwithstanding her other faults, she was both too honest and too proud to break her word. She missed two of the holes in lacing her stays, which, consequently, felt very uncomfortable; and her hair became sadly tangled, for she had curled it badly. It must be confessed that she went into the farm-yard with a very ill grace; but the kind smiling face of Mr. Blossom, and the animated live stock, soon put her into good humour. The farm-yard was very spacious: flanked at either side with lofty barns and spacious outhouses; there was a deep pond at one end—the end at which the rick or stack-yard began—and many young and old ducks were delighting themselves therein.

A company of at least twenty geese had taken their morning bath, and were cackling, wriggling, and wagging their tails with great good humour and enjoyment. Several turkeys, headed by a gabbling, gobbling old turkey-cock, the personification of self-importance, came running towards Lucy, giving her a gay good morrow after their own fashion. Then the flock of cocks and hens, and their numerous half-grown families, paid her their respects; while the air was absolutely darkened by the flocks of pigeons, which forsook the dovecot on the appearance of their friend and favourite.

"But they must all wait till my poor cows are done with," said Lucy.

"I am sure, Miss Annette," exclaimed the servant maid, "it's a credit to any one to milk Snowdrop, she's so good-tempered; mistress and I have milked a dozen this morning, but there's none of them like Lucy's Snowdrop and Roseleaf. There, miss—here's the stool and the pail,—lawk, you mustn't sit so, or you'll be over!"

"How can I sit!" exclaimed Miss Mandeville, half crying with vexation, and, it must be confessed, with terror also, for she had been hissed at by the gander, gobbled at by the turkey-cock, and almost fancied herself exalted on the horns

of the white cow, that turned her head round to look at the new milk-maid, who, at least in her humble opinion, knew nothing of the employment.

"She's as gentle as a lamb, miss!" said the servant, who was an Irish girl, "barring she's given the laste morsel in life to kicking; but that's nothin' when you're used to it—Oh, miss, darlint, mind yer *fut*, mind yer fut, or she'll tramp on it!" And as she spoke, Snowdrop did really place her foot on Miss Annette's black satin slipper.

"Why did you not tell me to remove my foot?" demanded Miss Mandeville, haughtily, of the poor girl, who *had* warned her, but in so rich a brogue, that the young lady understood it not.

"Mistress dear, sure you heard me tell her to mind her fut?—'tisn't much hurt, only a taste scruged."

And the good-natured creature commenced rubbing it, while Mrs. Blossom continued instructing the young heiress in the art of milking.

"How my arms and fingers ache!" said Annette, with a heavy sigh, when she had finished.

"'Tis nothin' when yer used to it," repeated the Irish girl.

"After we have strained and put our milk

into the pans that were scalded for the purpos last night, we must go and feed the calves," sai Lucy. "Roseleaf had such a beautiful calf, bu her milk was too good to be long spared; so he little one, and another I will shew you, are begin ning to eat a little, and we feed them from th pail."

"Poor stupid-looking things!" exclaimed Mis Mandeville, "have they any sense?"

"Enough for their purpose, my dear," replie Mrs. Blossom, who accompanied the young lad on her mission; "here—dip this piece of twiste hay in the milk; now that the calf has it in he mouth, pull it so, under the milk,—you see th creature will not let it go, and you must hol the hay under till she has had enough: when the are delicate, we always give them fresh eggs bea up; but these are strong, and do not need it."

"She has got my hand down her throat, th horrid beast!" exclaimed poor Annette; who like many young ladies of my acquaintance, wa much too fond of dealing in epithets and ex clamations.

"Well, pull it out again, miss honey; it's th easiest thing in life to get your hand up a *cauf'* throat, if it's ever so far down," exclaimed th Irish servant; "sorra a tooth that craythur ha

but two: ah! you're not used to feeding calfs, miss. There, you see, your hand isn't a taste the worse," she continued, as poor Annette looked upon it, and, bursting into tears, declared it could never be clean again.

"Is it clane?" replied the girl; "bless ye, your hand was never so clane in its life! If you'd just let Strawberry lick your face every morning at sunrise, and before the good of the dew is off her tongue, you'd be as white as the snow, and as bright as a sunbame, by the time you went back to my lady's."

Mrs. Blossom and Lucy could not avoid laughing at the idea of Miss Mandeville's adopting the poor Irish girl's singular cosmetic; but the young lady was in no laughing humour. "I wish, Mrs. Blossom," she exclaimed, "you would send for the carriage to take me home; I shall never be able to get through the week, and I *won't* submit to this any more;—I never intended to be a drudge." Tears prevented further words; and Mrs. Blossom conducted her to their little parlour, until her grief had subsided.

"Have you sent for the carriage?" she inquired, when her tears were dried.

"No, miss," replied the farmer's wife, "I have not; my lady's directions were, 'that you

were to remain here and share all Lucy's employments for a week:' I am sorry you find the task so irksome, but it was self-imposed; and, moreover, I know my duty to her ladyship too well to disobey her. Nothing remains for you but the acquirement of patience to discharge your task; it was of your own seeking; you thought, being born a lady, that all things might be learnt by intuition — that it was only to look and learn; but the poor cow you could not milk, and the calf you could not feed, have already taught you the difference."

"It is not necessary for young ladies to milk cows, and feed calves," replied Annette.

"No, my dear, not at all necessary; but it is very necessary that they should not imagine they could milk cows and feed calves without any previous consideration how cows are to be milked and calves fed. Natural occupations of life (if I may so call them) require patience, industry, and knowledge. Look, my dear young lady, from this window; do you see that poor old woman who is hobbling along, and whom you would hardly suppose worthy to hold a place in the list of human beings? yet your honoured mamma calls Old Mary the village benefactress. She is low and poor—dependent in a great de-

gree for her comforts, and entirely for her few luxuries, on her ladyship's liberality; but her *usefulness* in rustic matters commands respect. If a brood of young turkeys do not exhibit their red heads in proper time, but peak, and pine, and refuse food, who so well as Old Mary understands the mingling of the nettle-tops and hard egg, which restores them to health and spirits, and sends forth the ruby coronet above their little brows? If a chicken is too weak to chip the shell with which God has protected its feebleness until the proper time of coming forth, who so tenderly disentangles it from its covering and nurtures it, until the little trembling thing is able to take place with the juvenile cocks and hens, whom we shall presently go and feed? But Old Mary has even more wisdom than belongs to the 'farm-yard.' Though she can neither read nor write after *your* fashion, nor—thanks and blessings on the memory of your grandmamma, miss Annette—after my fashion either, yet there is *one* great book Old Mary can read better than either of us. Can you guess what book it is?"

"No—or perhaps it is the Bible?"

"No, young lady; it is what my old mistress used to call the Book of Nature: this evening, when your work is over, we will take Old Mary

to the large hedge in the nut copse. She wi gather for us herbs that you have never deigne to look upon, and explain the virtues inherent i their leaves and flowers, and which she knows s well how to extract for the benefit of our neigh bours, who are too poor to buy medicines, a your mamma does when she is ill. From the blu violet Mary makes a delicious syrup, whic cures many a cough in the cold winter. Th small celandine affords her a liquid that relieve inflammation in the eyes; robin-run-the-hedge who twined so disrespectfully in the tucks of you frock to-day, cures the scurvy, she will tell you and if you cut your finger, Old Mary could pre pare a balsam that would heal it in twelv hours!"

Annette looked pleased and interested; Mrs Blossom had acted wisely in teaching by ex ample. Annette was again interested in th business of the farm-yard; she saw that Mrs Blossom was resolved she should not retur until the time first requested by herself, an afterwards fixed upon by her mamma; an so she wisely left off crying, and went wit Lucy Blossom to inspect the hen-roost, an feed the poultry. I am happy to say that sh derived a good deal of knowledge from Old Mar

that evening—it might truly be called a knowledge of practical botany, although Mary did not know that leaves were ever called *petals*, or that the proper name for the flower of a plant was *corolla*. But my dear young friends will be happy to hear that Annette, before the end of the week, had learnt another lesson; she had the generosity to acknowledge her belief that there are many things of which a "very accomplished young lady" is totally ignorant; and she assured Mrs. Blossom, when taking her departure from Bloom Farm, that she had learnt to value the acquirements appertaining to humble life, from her week's residence at "the farm-yard." She also very much urged her to permit Lucy to accompany her back to the hall, kindly saying, "My dear Mrs. Blossom, *she* has taught me a great deal; can I teach her nothing in return?"

"Miss Annette," replied the farmer's wife, "I will tell you a little fable:—

"A wren was very happy and contented in its nest in an ivy-tod; and one day a poor canary, who had foolishly escaped from its cage, was driven by a storm to seek shelter in the ivy; and the wren took pity on it, and brought it into its nest, and plumed its feathers, and acted towards it as a sister. Well, the canary was very grate-

ful to the wren: and when the storm had quite subsided, the canary said, 'I will go back to my aviary and my companions, and get in at the wire where I got out; and, Mrs. Wren, you must come with me and spend a few days in our aviary.' Jenny Wren made a few apologies, because of the plainness of her dress, and the homeliness of her education; but the lady canary overruled them all, and they set out together for the aviary.

"The other canaries, I am sorry to say, did not behave as they ought to have done, which was a very great shame, as they knew better: one said, 'What a little brown, dumpy thing that is, with her cocked tail sticking so vulgarly on the end of her back, so different from the way in which we wear ours!' Another exclaimed, 'Look at her feet—ugly things, with black claws! I wonder what Lady Yellow-breast could be thinking of, to bring us such company! but she was always eccentric.'

"Poor little Jenny Wren! Miss Annette, she was not proof against those taunts; and instead of either learning to bear them patiently, or returning to her own nest and quiet circle of Misses Redbreasts and Mrs. Linnets, where she was esteemed for her good qualities, she got behind

a great bunch of chickweed; and having previously picked up the cast-off feathers of the canaries, she stuck them all over her back, and tied a great pebble to her pretty little tail to keep it down. How the fine birds laughed at her for aping gentility!"

"'Go home to your companions,' murmured an old wise canary; 'to your companions — your finery may astonish them; *here* you can be nothing.'

"Poor Jenny Wren sculked home; but the love of finery had taken possession of her little heart, and she could not avoid retaining some of her second-hand plumage. The grove was in an uproar — the plain-dressed birds felt themselves insulted — and Mrs. Wren would have been torn to pieces, had not an old kind-hearted thrush interfered on her behalf, saying, at the same time, that it was only right for plain birds, particularly female ones, to avoid the temptation of fine feathers;—and so say I to my Lucy, Miss Annette. At present she is thankful and contented: a visit to the hall might create desires which would ill become the daughter of an English farmer."

## THE GRASSHOPPER.

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, child of summer's sunshine bright!
Come, minstrel of the sweet twilight!
I see thee when the green-ear'd corn
Sets up in dew its silvery horn;
When bees in foxglove bells are hid,
When the wild cherries' cheeks are red,—
When apples odorous are, and plums
Glow mealy mid the oozing gums,—
When on the wall the tendrilled vines
Hang ripening high in clust'ring lines;—
I listening lie brook-banks among,
And bless thee and thy gentle song.
Sun-born! flower-nursed! what tower or cit
Can claim thy sweet harmonious ditty?
Yet thou art courtly-like,—what queen
So gay as thee in gold and green?
There's not a wing that fans the skies
Can match thy bosom's marvellous dyes;

And yet, green sod, or moss-clad stone,
Serve thee for palace and for throne.
Thou simple art! borne on vain wings,
At heaven's own gate the sky-lark sings,
While thine are those melodious trills
I hear among the fairy hills;
Thine is that meek and soothing sound
That gives a glad voice to the ground.
The school-boy hears thee, and he lingers
To hunt thee with his inky fingers,
And wonders that a shape so fine
Can yield a song so loud as thine.
The school-girl, when she runs and rolls
In sunshine mid the fragrant knolls,
Sees thee, a singing emerald, gem
The flowers which scent her kirtle's hem;
With charmed ear yon shepherd-lass
Steps gentler, gentler, through the grass,
Guides with her sparkling eyes her feet —
She would not harm a thing so sweet.

## BLOWING BUBBLES.

By W. H. HARRISON,

*Author of "Tales of a Physician," &c.*

Behold, with what delighted eyes
Yon urchins mark their bubble rise,
And with the breeze sail on;
Rich in each bright prismatic hue,
Purple, and gold, and green, and bl
How beautiful! 'Tis gone!

Where shall we aught so fragile find
As this gay plaything of the wind,
By which 'tis wreck'd? Or can
We quote, of all that's transient—fr
So true a type t' adorn a tale?
Yes! and that type is *Man!*

Man, like the bubble, is a breath;
That breath withdrawn, he vanisheth
And vestige leaveth none;
To him the summer-gale oft brings
Destruction on its sultry wings;
And then his race is run.





BLOWING BUBBLES.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Oh! that to please the infant mind,
The sport we see were thus confined;
  And that in after-years
We laid all childish thoughts aside,
As those who have, their course to guide,
  A Christian's hopes and fears!

Alas! like bubbles are the schemes
With which his fervid fancy teems,
  For pleasure, profit, fame;
Those countless plans, as wild as vain,
By which the dreamer hopes to gain
  A fortune or a name.

And thus the visionary's eyes,
Fix'd on his bubbles, as they rise,
  See prospects bright and brave;
And when he thinks his schemes well sped,
The earth gives way beneath his tread,
  And he is in his grave!

# THE FIRST MARINERS.

By the REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

"WHAT a delightful evening!" said Frederick Elwood, when seated with his father and sister in a well-known nook at Hastings, just below the summit of a rock; "how finely, too, does the ocean stretch out before us! and above—what a glorious sky!"

"Papa is thinking of something, I am quite sure," said Emma; "now I wonder what it is!—perhaps his thoughts are like yours, Frederick."

"I was observing, my dears," replied Mr. Elwood, "the unfurled canvass, which comes

> As if a cloud had dropt from heaven,
> And were sailing on the sea.

Here is a proof of the advance of civilisation. Savages delight to roam over the fair face of nature; pastoral tribes regard it with a deeper interest,—anxious to ascertain the state of the country around them, the extent of the pastures where their flocks may feed, and the course of

the rivers by which the land is refreshed: but the spirit of maritime adventure is of later date,—the art of navigation seems to have been slowly learned, and to have required many ages to bring it to perfection."

"Do you remember, papa, who were the most celebrated navigators in early times?" inquired Frederick.

*Mr. E.*—The Phœnicians, my dear. They piloted the fleets of Solomon, which "returned every three years, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks;" they were also the merchants of the Egyptians, whose ships they manned and steered, and whose general use of money, hundreds of years before it was known to the Greeks, shows a familiarity with commercial enterprise truly astonishing. Maritime commerce among the Arabians was far from being so important as that which was carried on by caravans overland. Still they engaged in it at an early period; and one of their writers relates a singular fact in reference to the people at Oman. They cross over, he says, to the islands (the Laccadives) that produce the cocoa-nut, carrying with them carpenters' and all such tools; and having felled as much wood as they want, they let it dry, strip off the leaves, and with the bark of the tree they

spin a yarn, wherewith they sew the planks together, and so build a ship. Of the same wood they cut and round a mast; of the leaves they weave their sails, and the bark they work into cordage. Having thus completed their vessel, they load her with cocoa-nuts, which they bring and sell at Oman.

*E.*—That is capital, papa; so the tree makes a ship and a cargo. I should think it is the only one in the world that can do so. But I remember you told us many things about it when you described how leaves were changed into peaches, apricots, and nectarines.*

*Mr. E.*—I did, my dear; and on some future day we must resume the history of maritime discovery, and trace it downwards, from the Phœnicians and Arabians to Columbus, who found out America; and Cook, the circumnavigator of the globe; and Parry, who went in pursuit of the North Pole.

*F.*—How we shall enjoy *that*, Emma! though I hope *we* shall never sail far from home. But, papa, the creatures who live in the sea were, I should think, the *first* mariners, after all.

* See a little volume entitled "The Vegetable World," page 137.

*Mr. E.*—They were so, undoubtedly, my dear; and the navigation of their little vessels, if I may so describe them, is very curious. Some of the molluscæ move in the wide waters of the ocean either by swimming or by calmly floating with the currents. They have no feet wherewith to creep, and no arms to drag themselves; fins, therefore, supply their place. One species moves on the surface with a rapidity unexampled in its class; and the curious tethys can swim very well by means of the large semi-circular expansion of its cloak, which rises, like a tippet, above its neck. But in some cases the creature has what is called a foot, capable of being lengthened and shortened, whose motions produced along its surface, resemble "the waves and billows of the sea." One genus, by the aid of a spongy organ attached to a part of the foot, and composed of little vesicles apparently filled with air, floats without any exertion, and probably directs its course by means of a small membrane, which runs along each side of the foot, a little above its edge. There is, however, a very remarkable creature, which the sailors call "a Portuguese man-of-war" and "a galley fish." These beautiful animals are of various sizes; but one I have heard described was about as large as a hen's egg.

The creature resembles a bladder, transparent rose-coloured, with a kind of keel formed in festoons, plaited like a ruff, on the upper part. This appendage, being raised above the water, serves for a sail, while numerous tentacula, or arms, proceeding from the under side, enable it to steer its course, seize its prey, or to cast anchor, as it were, and fix itself on the moving surface of the waves.

*E.*—Papa, I recollect how pleased we were when you described the nautilus, whose shell is little thicker than paper, with its keel, and its sail, and its arms acting as oars and a rudder.

*Mr. E.*—I am glad you do so, love. I should like you, too, to learn the beautiful description of it given by Mr. Montgomery:

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward, from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water;
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light."

You have read and heard of pirates and buc-

caneers; and it is remarkable, that some of the cuttle-fish tribe take possession of the shell of the paper nautilus, and make it their boat. It is said, that on doing so, one of these creatures lays over each side of the shell three of its tentacula, which it uses for oars, and raises up two others, dilated at their ends by a thin oval membrane, which serves the purpose of a sail. Still, as if conscious of guilt, the little pirate is ever timorous—shrinks within its vessel on the least alarm, and sinks again into the deep.

*E.*—That is altogether very curious. I am sure I am quite ashamed when I do wrong; and I shall never forget how little Will Ferrars looked, as the gardener accused him of taking the apples, and then emptied his pockets. Why, papa, his face was first red, and then white, in—in—in—less than a minute.

*Mr. E.*—I have no doubt, my dear, he felt as many do in similar circumstances—shame on detection, and fear for its consequences;—but those who do right are free from such feelings. I hope the longer you and Frederick live, the more you will prove this to be the case. There are, however, one or two other things in reference to the tenants of the deep, which have just struck me. Navigation must have greatly advanced

of creation, then, should be accompa
tribute to the Deity, and by confiden
who demands our trust, and who has
care for *us*.— But the evening is becon
let us, my dears, descend from thi
height, and seek those who will we
return.

Upon some future occasion we ma
of the wonders of nature, as displaye
of her works.

## THE BIRD AT SEA.

By MRS. HEMANS.

" Bird of the greenwood!
Oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near:
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

Midst the wild billows
Thy place will not be,
As midst the wavings
Of wild rose and tree:
How shouldst *thou* battle
With storm and with spray?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine-leaves are fann'd?
Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!"

"Chide not my lingering
Where waves are dark!
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark—
A heart that hath cherish'd
Through winter's long day—
So I turn from the greenwood
Away, away!"

# ASIATIC ADVENTURES.

By MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

"To have been so long in India without seeing a tiger, is, I think, rather unfortunate," said I, addressing a sporting friend. "Most assuredly," he replied, "it is an animal in fine keeping with an Indian scene. I am not acquainted with any object that harmonises better with the wide plain, intersected by thick jungle, and watered by a broad reedy jeel,* the haunt of various antelopes. With a scorching sun above, in whose meridian blaze the monster lies basking, or when couched beneath the shade of some old tree, dosing through the sultry hours, or looking out lazily for his prey, he forms a very picturesque accompaniment to the buffalo wallowing in the marsh, and the vulture peering from his eyry above. In these situations, however, it is impossible to contemplate him with the slightest degree of mental

* A jeel is a sheet of water, or sometimes merely a swamp left in the low grounds after the periodical rains.

gratification, excepting when we know ourselves to be securely seated on the back of a stanch elephant; for under less advantageous circumstances, the prospect is any thing but pleasing. For instance, when travelling in a palanquin, it is not particularly desirable to obtain a full view of the gentleman, reclining at his ease on the skirt of some neighbouring thicket, being tolerably certain that if your bearers catch a glimpse of his person, they will instantly drop their burden, and scamper off in all directions, leaving you to do battle with all the prowess you can muster."

There is something to me very exciting in the relation of adventures with the wild animals of an Indian jungle, and I inquired of my friend if he had ever been engaged in any desperate encounter with a beast of prey. "Being fond of hunting," he replied, "I have frequently been exposed to the common vicissitudes attendant upon Eastern sports. It is no unusual incident for a tiger to spring upon a howdah, where you are supposed to be beyond his reach, and thus offer himself for single combat; but with weapons at hand, the chances are a hundred to one against him. The most desperate risk I ever ran when out tiger-shooting, occurred upon my espying two cubs lying under a tree: eager to secure a

couple of pets, I made my elephant kneel down, and dismounting, had an arm stretched forth to clutch the prey, when the voice of a companion arrested my attempt. He called out to me to pause if I valued my life: I obeyed, looked up, and beheld the enraged mother advancing towards me in all the terrors of her wrath. There was nothing to trust to save the accuracy of Major P.'s aim; but I knew the man, and the event justified my confidence; he fired, and down went the tiger mortally wounded. Once in my life I had, if possible, a still narrower escape. We were marching through Rohilcund, not far from Almorah, a part of the country I had never visited before. After taking up our ground one morning, I rode over to breakfast with the judge of the district, who was an old acquaintance. I met a friend there; and they persuaded me to spend the day with them, the latter promising to drive me back in the evening. I therefore sent away my horse; and the hours fled rapidly, in the renewal of intercourse of the pleasantest nature. At sunset we prepared to depart. Bishop Heber, in his interesting Journal, has remarked upon the passion for buggy-driving which prevails in India, and the preposterous use of that favourite vehicle, over roads, if such they may be called, perfectly

unfitted for wheel-carriages of any descript
and certainly a more inappropriate place for
an equipage could not have been pitched u
We had to pass through a wood with whose
lanous character I was previously unacquain
but my ignorance was not of long duration.
road was execrable. You are aware that w
not boast of Macadamisation in the upper
vinces of Hindoostan; but perhaps have n
witnessed the extent of the dilapidations ca
by the rains in tracts which are rarely trave
and still more rarely put in order: any where
they would be pronounced impassable; but
with a few breakages, and the occasional lo
life or limb, we contrive to get along. '
must know,' remarked my companion, a
took the reins, 'the place we have to
through is notorious for tigers; so we shall do
to make the best of the small portion of day
which still remains.' He then desired the s
to sit upon the step; a very necessary preca
at the pace we were obliged to go, for awa
chevied at the rate of about fourteen mile
hour. This was too good to last long: ac

* Syee, a groom who generally runs by the side
carriage or horse.

ingly, just as we had reached the heart of a forest, whose dark canopy shut out the fast receding twilight, and just as I thought I could distinguish, amidst the rattling of our carriage, the rough music of a tiger's roar, some unseen obstruction came in contact with the buggy-wheels, and over it went with a tremendous crash, breaking off at both shafts, and canting us out in the finest style possible. Luckily none of the party were injured by the fall;—but for the unfortunate buggy, there it lay, a total wreck, springs snapped, axletree shivered—ruined in fact past redemption. We wasted some very precious time in an attempt to bolster it up; but were compelled to relinquish the fruitless effort. We held a council of war; our deliberations being considerably shortened by the noises which resounded through the wood, and which we could not fail to recognise for the yells of our dreaded foes. It was agreed, *nem. con.*, that the trio should bestride the horse, fortunately a strong beast and able to carry treble; so up we all mounted, and, putting him on his mettle, scoured along as fast as he could go. The night got darker and darker; and a hideous concert, from a great variety of performers, becoming louder every minute, we cast furtive glances around, apprehensive that ocular

demonstration of the reality of our danger would not long be wanting. At last, and at a most critical pass—for by two short turns of the road we were hemmed into a dell as black as midnight—our horse stopped suddenly, and by the pricking of his ears, his snorting, and the agitation of his whole body, we were made aware of the close vicinity of a tiger. With one accord we endeavoured to urge the terrified animal forward: nothing would do—he backed, reared, kicked, and plunged; but, under the influence of a sort of fascination, no power of ours could compel him to advance. In this predicament, and in a miserable state of uncertainty as to which of our number would be the chosen victim, we looked instinctively towards the thicket, and were all struck at once by the exhibition of a pair of fiery eyes, glaring like carriage-lamps, at the distance of a few yards;—a famous mark for a shot, but, unhappily, we possessed neither gun nor pistol. I had the honour to lead the van, and would not have given a *cowrie** for my chance; my friend, who occupied the centre, valued his hopes of

ca. hour

ape at as low a rate; and the syee, under the

* Syee, a gr[illegible]at black was always preferable to white, arriage or horse.

ll shell used as the lowest species of money.

concluded that his last hour was come;—each thinking his own particular post the most dangerous. Indeed, we were all in fearful jeopardy, and another minute would have decided the fate of one of the party. But just as our assailant was about to take the fatal spring, the light of torches flashed upon the scene, and a noise as if all the evil spirits chained in the caves of the Domdaniel had been let loose, burst upon our ears, luckily for us alarming the tiger, who turned and fled into the recesses of the wood. Our deliverers proved to be the Dàk-bearers,* attended, according to custom, in dangerous defiles, by additional *Mussaulchees*, and a whole troop of people, who, to do them justice, spared neither trumpet, dhole, nor gong, beating and sounding at a most furious rate, and brandishing their torches in a manner which threatened to set the whole wood in a blaze. They were journeying our way; so we joined company with this fantastic group, affording, upon our grey charger,

* Dàk is the Hindoostanee name for post. These letter-carriers are attended at night, in places infested by tigers, by Mussaulchees, or torch-bearers, and a whole posse of people beating drums, gongs, and other astounding instruments, or blowing trumpets, many of which are six feet long, producing the most horrid noise imaginable.



GOODY TWO SHOES.



## GOODY TWO SHOES.

(FROM HER RAMBLES.)

"WHERE have you lingered so long, my child,
All this pleasant eve of a summer's day?"

"By the hedges, and through the fields, mother,
To the merry greenwood to play."

"They are healthful, and pleasant, and good, my child,
The hedge, the wood, and the field—all three;
But what did you hear in the wood, my child,
And what in the field did you see?"

"As I walked along where the bee was singing
His cheerful song mid the blossoms wild—"

"Ah! but the bee, while he sung, was bringing
The fruit of his labour home, my child."

" I saw at my feet a mound of clay,
Where little black things played round an
o'er."

" They were ants, my child; but they were no
at play—
They were labouring hard for their winter'
store."

Thus my child has learned, as she walked along
One lesson from labour, and one from song—
That summer-work gladdens in wintry weather
That labour and cheerfulness dwell together.

And my child while she rambles along may say,
" I can learn as I walk, and think as I play;
For all that I hear, and feel, and see,
Some useful lesson may teach to me—
Thanks to the ant, and thanks to the bee!"

# THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

By MISS LESLIE, of PHILADELPHIA.

"A glimpse of the days that are over."—MOORE.

It was New-Year's morning 1718, and, to do honour to the holyday, the breakfast-table had been set in the best parlour belonging to the establishment of Mr. Clarke, a wealthy merchant of Boston, and whose residence in the North Square was at that period considered the most elegant private mansion in the town. The weather was severely cold. An immense fire of huge logs (supported on extremely tall brass and irons, and brought far out on the hearth) tinted with its ruddy glow the beautiful carving of fruit and flowers that decorated the chimney-piece, and brightened the vivid pictures which were painted on every pannel of the wainscot. As the season was winter, the chief beauties of the tessellated floor (particularly the family coat of arms in the centre) were concealed under a square Turkey carpet; but round the outside of its edges a small uncovered space gave evidence of the infinite

variety of the woods, and the taste and ingenuity of their general arrangement. The window-seats and the chairs were cushioned with crimson velvet, corresponding with the curtains. Large oval looking-glasses, the frames carved in foliage, inclined forward from the walls. Through the glass doors of the closets or buffets that occupied the recesses, were seen on one side pyramids of India china arrayed in regular order, and at the other side was a rich display of silver plate, on every article of which was engraved the crowned swan, the ancient crest of the Clarkes; for in those days few Americans who derived from their European ancestors any claim to armorial bearings were remiss in setting forth the distinction.

When Mr. Clarke came down to breakfast, he had a handsome new cane in his hand, and was followed by a servant carrying a large covered basket, the sight of which excited much curiosity in his son Harry, and also in George and Lucy Ellis—two children who were then on a visit at the house, their own parents having gone to Salem.

They were not kept long in suspense, for Mr. Clarke informed them that the basket contained New-Year's gifts; and he immediately proceeded to distribute them. To Mrs. Clarke he presented

a superb muff of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and decorated on one side with her initials in pearls; to little Lucy he gave a large French doll, richly drest; to her brother George, the above-mentioned cane, which was finely clouded, and had a gold top and a gold cord and tassels,—George having frequently expressed a wish for such a one.

"Now," said George, who was very vain and foppish, "I can say that not a boy in Boston carries a cane equal to mine. If my mother would only consent to my wearing a wig, I know no one who could come up to me in what she calls the true look of real fashion."

"Indeed," said Mr. Clarke, "I must agree with my friend, your mother, in thinking that nothing is so becoming to a boy as his own hair. However fashionable wigs may be, I have not yet seen a single child that looked well in one."

"So I think," exclaimed Harry; "and, for my part, I would not for a hundred guineas be encumbered with a wig. I hate every thing that is inconvenient; and that was the reason I took my penknife yesterday, and cut away all the buckram lining from the skirt of my new coat. Why, it stood out like a shelf all round me!"

"And, for my part," said George Ellis, "I

would not abate one inch of *my* buckram for the world."

"Well, dear father," said Harry, "you seem in no haste to shew me my New-Year's gift."

Mr. Clarke presented his son with an elegant set of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Harry received the books with proper respect; but his countenance did not brighten, and, in fact, he looked a little disappointed.

"You do not seem particularly delighted with my present," observed Mr. Clarke; "I must confess I feared as much."

"Dear father," replied Harry, "I have already so many books; to tell the truth, I hoped you would have given me a pair of skates."

"Harry," said his mother, "I have always refused my consent to your having skates. Think of Edward Warren, who, while skating on Charles River, broke through the ice, and was drowned."

"It has given me much pain, Harry," said Mr. Clarke, "to perceive that, with numerous good qualities, and with an understanding by no means of an inferior order, you seem to have an innate disrelish for books, and for every thing that can only be acquired by study. I have determined to indulge you for a time in reading works of fiction exclusively, in the hope that they

may awaken in you a desire for literature of a more important description. I would rather see you passionately fond of the most extravagant story-books, than witness, as I do continually, your strange disinclination for all books whatever. I think if any thing like reading can possibly engage your attention, it will certainly be rivetted by these very amusing tales, with their faithful delineations of Oriental manners. They are really of Eastern origin; and these identical narratives are to this day related by the itinerant story-tellers of Arabia to the groups that assemble round them at the coffee-houses, and other places of public resort; the audience always listening with intense interest, and rewarding the narrator with a contribution in money whenever the story ceases. Monsieur Galland translated these tales from the Arabic into French, and the English version was made from his."

"Yes, father," replied Harry, looking tired, "I have no doubt of their all being very good stories; and, I daresay, they are entertaining enough to people that are fond of reading; but, for my part——"

"Harry," said his father, interrupting him, and pointing out the tale of the 'Forty Thieves,' "I will only ask you to try this one as a speci-

men; and I am sure when you have finished it you will gladly read them all."

Harry took the volume; and, while his father was engaged with some letters he had just received, and his mother was preparing to pour out the coffee; while Lucy sat on a low stool, and played with her doll, and George took his hat, and strutted about the room, flourishing his new cane, and surveying himself in the glass, the reluctant reader established himself on the window-seat, where he reclined with one eye on the page, and the other on the street,—after having settled his position with considerable difficulty, as is always the case with persons to whom books are irksome.

Before he had time to get interested in the story, his attention was attracted by a sudden noise; and, looking out, he perceived that some boys, who were playing in the square before the house, had just completed a gigantic figure of snow, and were huzzaing in consequence.

"The snow-man has no hat," exclaimed Harry; "I'll just run out, and shew them how to make him one." He flew from the parlour with the book in his hand, and, throwing it hastily on the hall-table, he was out of doors in an instant, and busily engaged the next moment in assisting the boys.

His father looked after him, and sighed. "My dear," said he to Mrs. Clarke, "we have always been too indulgent to Harry. He knows that a mere reproof is the only punishment he need expect, whatever may be his misdemeanours.

"His misdemeanours," said the doating mother, "are only such as in time will correct themselves, Though I confess that he is impetuous and giddy, and that as yet he shews no fondness for any thing that resembles study, yet I hope much from the excellence of his capacity, the goodness of his heart, and the generosity and kindness of his feelings."

"What surprises me most in Harry," said George Ellis, "and it is certainly his worst fault, is, that he has no notion of his own dignity—no idea of keeping up his consequence; and when I talk to him on the subject, he only laughs, and says, 'that it is too much trouble for him to be always acting the gentleman.' And once he actually told me that he hated dignity, and hated consequence, and that he had none to support. I reminded him, of course, of his father's ships, and his mother's jewels, and of the fine house that he lives in, and of the elegant clothes that he could have for asking (though I do not believe he ever *does* ask for any). It's surprising how little he

values these things. Why, one day, when he wa playing on the common, he took the plume ou of his new cocked-hat, and divided it among th boys to feather their arrows with."

"Come, George," said Mr. Clarke, interrupt ing this tirade, "breakfast is now quite ready."

"And really," pursued George, (as he seate himself carefully at the table, and spread out hi skirts so that they could not be rumpled,) "it i absolutely amazing that Harry Clarke will pla with any boy whatever, and that (instead of walk ing slowly up and down the Mall, as a youn gentleman of family and fortune ought to do; o seating himself on his spread pocket-handkerchie and reclining gracefully against the great elm the moment he gets on the Common, he scamper off towards the Mill-dam, where all the town boy resort; and he joins, that very instant, in thei boisterous plays. Wool-hats and fustian-jacket make no sort of difference with him. I do no believe he ever gives a thought to their style o dress. All he cares for is, that they should b what he calls good fellows, and that they shoul play well."

"We must hope that he may grow wiser i time," said Mr. Clarke smiling.

"He does not scruple to overlook, and indee

to overset young gentlemen of decided elegance," continued George, glancing his eye over his own suit of blue velvet laced with gold.

He was stopped short in his animadversions by the return of Harry, who came back in such a glow of exhilaration, and gave so animated a description of the improvements he had made in the snow-man, that his fond parents had not the heart to check his vivacity.

They had nearly finished breakfast, when a knock was heard at the front-door; and John, the servant-man, brought in a paper of verses, and announced that the news-carrier had come for his New Year's gift. Mr. Clarke felt in his pocket, and found that he had no change about him, and Mrs. Clarke had left her purse up-stairs. "Tell the boy to come in and warm himself," said she, "and desire Sally to bring me down my purse."

The man delivered the message to the news-paper-boy; but they heard him reply that he would rather stay in the hall.

"Why 'tis my friend Ben Franklin," exclaimed Harry; "I see he has taken up the volume of the Arabian Nights that I left on the hall-table; and while he has a book in his hand he will feel no cold. But I will go and pull him in."

Suiting the action to the word, Harry immediately hauled in the reluctant printer-boy, who at first shewed a disposition to resent the unceremonious kindness of young Clarke, but his attention being attracted by the paintings that ornamented the wainscot, he allowed himself to be conveyed into the parlour, where his eyes wandered with delight round the pictures, but rested not a moment on the splendid furniture and the rich table equipage.

"Is not that what is called a printer's devil?" said George Ellis, edging his chair as far as possible from the boy.

"Oh! brother, brother," exclaimed little Lucy "what naughty words you are saying! I am sure he is not at all black now, and his hands and face are very clean."

Mr. Clarke took up the New-Year's Address which was printed on a small narrow slip of paper with a rude wood-cut at the top representing a postman blowing his horn. "These verses," said he, "are really not bad; I should like to know who is the author."

"There he stands," cried Harry: "this is he I am very sure that Ben Franklin wrote them (clapping him on the shoulder). Why, the boy all know that Ben can make verses."

"Harry," said Mr. Clarke, "hand him this basket of cake."

Young Franklin bashfully declined the cake; but Harry seized him, and forced a large piece into each pocket.

"I suppose, boy," said George, "you never had an opportunity of tasting plum-cake before; and I daresay you have had but a scanty breakfast."

The young printer coloured. "I breakfasted this morning at my father's house," said he.

"Well, and what of that?" resumed George.

"My father," answered the boy, "is a plain mechanic, and he lives as such people ought. Nevertheless, though our food is simple, it has never yet been scanty; and we all this morning had as much as we could eat, and so we have always."

"Indeed!" said George, with a sneer; "and pray tell us what this same abundant breakfast might consist of? Beans and hominy, I suppose?"

Upon this Harry cast a menacing look at George, and doubled his fist; but, at a glance from his mother, he opened it again, saying, "I forgot he was a visiter."

"To a boy of your mind and feelings," said Mr. Clarke, addressing the young printer, "it

must be very irksome to go about soliciting New-Year's gifts."

"I do not solicit," replied Franklin; "I never ask twice. It is almost the only means I have of obtaining——" He stopped, and remained silent.

The maid, Sally, then entered with Mrs. Clarke's purse, for which, she said, she had had a long search, it not having been left in the usual place. Mrs. Clarke took out a silver five-shilling piece (called in English coinage a crown), and offered it to Franklin. The boy advanced to take it, and thanked the lady in a few words.

"Well," said George, "for a person that is not poor enough to consider plum-cake any object, you seem very glad to get that crown. I suppose you prefer buying your own cakes."

Harry again clenched his fist at George, and was again restrained by Mrs. Clarke.

"Harry Clarke," said Franklin, "I should like to speak with you a moment in the hall—that is if the lady will give permission."

He bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke in a manner that set George to tittering, and went out, accompanied with alacrity by Harry. George got up, and was following to hear what they were going to say, but Harry shut the door in his face.

"Harry," said Franklin, "I will acknowledge to you, that (after I have bought a present for my mother) all the money I shall collect as New-Year's gifts will be devoted to the purchase of books. I heard you regretting the other day, that you had spent all your weekly allowance at once, and that you would have no more until next Monday, though you were very desirous of buying the great humming-top that we saw at the toy-shop. Now I will make a bargain with you. I'll give you this silver crown which your mother has just presented to me, if you will lend me—observe, I only say *lend*—if you will lend me those books of the Arabian tales, and allow me to have the reading of them, and let me take this volume home with me."

"As to the books," replied Harry, "if they were not a New-Year's gift from my father, I would not hesitate an instant to make you a present of them. But as to the crown-piece, I shall not take it. I can easily wait till Monday for the humming-top; or, indeed, if I was to coax my father a little, I daresay he would give me the money at once. Only I don't like to take advantage of his kindness; and the last time I asked him for my allowance in advance, I promised that I would never again make such a

request. The truth is, I *do* spend too money, and my father is right in trying to my profuseness. However, you are qui come to the books, and I am sorry that never offered to lend you any. But it is t that somehow books are things that seldo into my head. Why did not you ask me

" Because," said Franklin, " though play with me on the Common and in Valle and are sociable and friendly enough, ye member always what I have heard my fath that when common people happen to ha intercourse with great people, they had avoid encroaching too much, lest they sh considered forward and obtrusive, and me a mortifying repulse. I have also heard l mark, that most great people (kings in par are like cats, and though they pur rou one minute, they may scratch you the nex

" But I am not the least of a cat," said " To be sure I am often inclined to fly sickening fellow George Ellis; and if he l been a visiter, I should have settled him lon

" Well," said Franklin, " I shall be ve indeed to give this crown-piece for the of the Arabian Nights. I know no one e has the book, and I find it mentioned

Spectator in a manner which convinces me that it is delightful. As this is a holyday, I shall have time to read—and, besides, I can easily sit up all night. I often do so when I borrow a book that must be returned immediately. You may be sure I will take great care of it, and bring this volume back to you to-morrow. So here is the money, and now you can go and buy the humming-top."

"Indeed I shall do no such thing as take that money," replied Harry. "Why, Ben, you do not scruple to borrow books of Dick Jackson, and Ned Jones, and Tom Smith."

"No," answered Franklin, "because they are boys of my own class, and I lend them *my* books in return; for, like myself, they have but few. But the sons of rich men have books enough of their own, and do not want to borrow from people in my station. I would not much hesitate to accept favours from grown gentlemen; but I do not like to be under obligations to *boys* that are above me."

"Well, Ben," said Harry, "you are a strange fellow. But I know that lately you have been very full of independence and heroism, and all such things, from having read a great deal about the Greeks and Romans. You shall have both

volumes *now*, for I am in no hurry to read them, and would rather defer it till I feel more in the humour, if that should ever be."

Harry then ran into the parlour, and instantly flew back again with the other volume.

"You must take this crown," said Franklin, "or I will not take the books."

Harry paused a moment, and then took the crown; resolved in his own mind to make Franklin resume it when he returned the books.

"And now," said Franklin, "say that you don't think me an object of charity."

"I don't indeed," replied Harry, smiling, and shaking him by the hand; "I see you are thinking of George Ellis's impertinence; but never mind—sensible boys need not care a farthing for the insolence of fools."

Franklin now took his leave, and Harry returned to the parlour. On being asked by his mother why he had remained so long in the hall talking to the newspaper-boy, he replied, that he had been lending him the Arabian Nights, as he knew poor Ben would take more pleasure in reading them than he should himself.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Clarke, "that you are in so little haste to avail yourself of my New-Year's gift."

"Indeed, father," replied Harry, "I cannot dissemble, and pretend to like books better than I really do. It would take *me* two or three months to get through these volumes; and I have no doubt of Ben Franklin's devouring every line of them in less than three days, and faithfully performing his task in his brother's printing-office besides."

"Now tell me exactly who this Ben Franklin is," said Mr. Clarke, "and how you became acquainted with him."

"Why," replied Harry, "he is the youngest son of old Josiah Franklin, the tallow-chandler and soap-boiler,—George, you need not turn up your nose. It was at first intended that he should be brought up to his father's trade, and he was for a while employed in cutting wicks and filling candle-moulds; but very naturally disliking such jobs, he is now with his brother, James Franklin, learning the printing business. I first met with him on the Common among the boys who go there to play, and also on the cricket-ground at Valley Acre. He is the very best player I ever saw; nothing comes amiss to him, and he has taught us many new diversions, some of them his own invention. He is also very ingenious in making things in wood and

metal, and he has even some knowledge o drawing. But, after all, his chief delight i in books; when he gets a new one, we see nothing of him on the play-ground till he has read it. He always tries to become acquainted with boys who have books; and it is much to his credit that he takes excellent care of all he borrows, and that he punctually returns them."

"Persons who are fond of reading are always careful of books," observed Mr. Clarke; "but how is it that you have never before lent him any of yours?"

"I don't know," replied Harry; "I often thought of offering to do so, but then I always forgot it again. I am sorry for my remissness for I recollect hearing several weeks ago that he had exhausted the stock of every boy he knew and I suppose that latterly he *has* been at a loss for something to read, as he has frequented the play-ground more than usual. Sometimes when he gets to discussing books with John Collins and others of the reading boys, he forgets to play, and you would be surprised to hear how sensibly he talks. Altogether, Ben Franklin is the best fellow I know."

"Poor boy," said Mr. Clarke, "how hard he

tries to acquire knowledge! And you, who, besides having free access to my library, have books lavished on you almost without number, cannot be prevailed on to read a single one of them through. Mark my words: I prophesy that this Benjamin Franklin will eventually become a great man, and that his name will be an honour to his country and to the world, when yours is forgotten."

We will now proceed with Franklin, who almost fancied himself in paradise when he walked off with the Arabian Tales under his arm; and, as it was a holyday, he felt strongly inclined to relinquish all further pursuit of New-Year's Gifts, and to shut himself up for the remainder of the day with his new acquisition. But he thought of the happiness of being able to procure some other books with the money he might collect, and he had a great desire to possess a complete set of the Spectator, of which, as yet, he had only been able to obtain the reading of one or two odd volumes: inspired by this hope, he pursued his rounds with increased alacrity of step.

After calling at several other houses, he came to the residence of Mr. Inflict Bangs, a schoolmaster, who once, for a short time, had num-

he had thrown both the books into the fire, and they were in a moment consumed in the blaze.

"There let them burn," said the relentless bigot, "as I hope their heathen authors are now burning in another world. Entertaining, forsooth! what right have people to read for entertainment? If they fulfil their duties properly, there will be no time for recreation. Are not all books of fiction made up of lies? and what good man can endure a lie in any shape whatever?"

Poor Franklin stood swelling with grief for the loss of the books, and resentment at their destroyer; and it was with great difficulty he restrained himself from attempting immediate vengeance on the person of Bangs, who waved his hand pompously towards the door, and said, "Now, boy, depart in peace: I have given you a wholesome lesson, to remember as long as you live. Thank me as you ought."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Franklin, almost choking with vexation, "thank you for what? I'll die before I'll thank you! To say nothing of your depriving me of the pleasure of reading these books, which I had set my heart on, you have shamefully destroyed what was not my own property, and which I know not how to replace. The books were lent to me by Harry Clarke,

and only this morning they were given to him by his father."

"What, the rich Mr. Clarke of the North Square?" said Bangs in a voice of dismay; "boy, why did not you tell me this at first? Mr. Clarke is a man of standing and influence."

Franklin, still trembling with suppressed emotion, now opened the door to go out, when Mr. Bangs called him back and said to him, in a voice that he intended for a mild one, but which was only more nasal than ordinary—"My young friend, Benny Franklin, there is no need of your mentioning this small error into which I have been strangely betrayed. It is better that you should keep it to yourself; I perceive not the least necessity for your repeating the circumstance."

"But there is," replied Franklin; "how else shall I account to Harry Clarke for the loss of his Arabian Nights? I have been borrowing books ever since I was five years old, and never before has any thing happened to a single one of them while in my possession."

"Benny," said Mr. Bangs, "there are many just and good men who have not thought it sinful to stretch a point when the end justified the means. There is authority for such diverge-

ments from the straight path. You may represent that the books fell accidentally into the fire; and my name need not appear in the statement."

"What!" exclaimed Franklin, "and incur for myself the blame of the very worst sort of carelessness!"

"I am not sure, after all," pursued Bangs, "that the misadventure was not purely accidental; it seems to me that the books fell by chance from my hand, and unluckily just where the flame happened to catch them."

"They did not! they did not!" cried Franklin; "I saw you put them into the fire in the very place where the blaze was fiercest. You *know* you did it on purpose."

"You are a shrewd, ingenious boy," continued Bangs, laying his hand on the head of Franklin, who instantly drew it away in disgust, "and you can find no difficulty in giving a convenient statement of the passage that has taken place in relation to these books; and, Benny, just hold out your hand,—here are half-a-dozen shillings for your New-Year's Gift, if you will promise to act in this thing according to my desire."

This was too much for Franklin's patience; and scattering the shillings indignantly on the floor, he darted out of the house.

Though endowed with much natural strength of mind, and possessed of intelligence far beyond his years, poor Franklin was still but a boy; and as soon as he got into the street, he leaned his forehead against a post, and cried as if his heart was breaking.

But he soon rallied; and drying his tears, he made a determination to appropriate nearly all his money to buying another equally handsome set of the Arabian Nights, to replace that of Harry Clarke.

He proceeded on his tour, and omitted not a single house in which his brother's newspaper was taken. But in those days seldom more than a few pence was given by each family to the carrier: he knew the general prices of books, and he found all that he was able to collect insufficient to purchase so expensive a one, after he had deducted the price of an India silk pocket-handkerchief for his mother. And the only pleasant feeling he had during the remainder of that day, was when he laid this little present on the lap of his kind parent, and when she kissed him in return, and called him her good Ben, and said she had been wanting such a handkerchief for years.

Still, he determined not to allow himself to be

tempted to lay out another farthing of his money; but to keep it inviolate, in the firm hope (and young people are always sanguine), that some unforeseen event would put him in possession of a sufficiency to make out the desired sum.

Franklin had hitherto been only on trial in the printing-office, and had continued to live at his father's; but after this day he was to enter into a regular apprenticeship with his brother James, and was to board with him and his other boys at a house in the immediate neighbourhood of the establishment. He was now kept very closely at work, and his brother (who never shewed him any kindness after he had him entirely in his power) generally found something for him to do beyond the regular working hours; and as the days were short, and the weather very bad, he was no longer able to play on the Common. He passed a dreary week; and, to add to his discomfort, he had now no book to read.

He was very desirous of seeing Harry Clarke again, yet he had not courage to knock at the door and inquire for him. But every day when he went to leave the newspaper, he lingered about for a minute or two, hoping to obtain a

glimpse of him, and to have an opportunity of making an explanation.

At last, in a lucky moment, after leaving the paper under the knocker, he perceived Harry at the parlour-window, and his warm-hearted friend immediately ran out to bring him in. Franklin, however, would proceed no farther than the entry (the place that boys generally prefer for their confabulations), and George Ellis came down stairs at the same moment, having just been changing his dress after sitting for his portrait. Mrs. Clarke was only desirous of possessing a likeness of her little favourite Lucy; but she had concluded to have both the children painted together, rather than she should run the risk of offending their mother, who had always made a pet of George in preference to his sister, and had completely spoiled him.

"Well, my friend Ben," said Harry, shaking him heartily by the hand, "I have not seen you for a week, but I suppose you have been lost in the Arabian Nights. You need not hurry yourself to return the book for a month or two yet, as I shall not have a moment's time to read it. The weather has now cleared up, my mother has consented to my getting a pair of skates, and I have a great deal before me; as much skating,

and snow-balling, and sliding, as I can possibly do."

Franklin then, in much confusion, explained the fate of the book precisely as it had happened.

Loud and high was the indignation of Harry against Inflict Bangs—not exactly for burning the book, but for burning it before Franklin had read it. But George Ellis, who stood listening at the bottom of the stairs, called out, "Why, Harry, can you believe this fine story? don't you see, that after this chap had read your book, he went and sold it to buy others with the money?"

At these words Franklin instantly sprung forward and caught George by his lace collar, exclaiming, "Beg my pardon this moment, and go down on your knees and own yourself a liar, or I'll shake you till you do."

"Now, Ben, go off," said Harry; "George Ellis is my property. Leave him to me, and I'll pay him for all at once. But go off, I tell you, or I can't touch him; for two to one won't do."

"No, no," answered Franklin, "I am well able to fight my own battles." And he shook George Ellis till his cries brought Mr. Clarke out of the library; and in another minute the whole household had assembled in the hall.

The boys were immediately parted by Mr.

Clarke, and Harry eagerly recounted the whole story to his father. Mr. Clarke was much incensed at what had been said and done by Inflict Bangs, and declared that he could well believe it, as it was in conformity with much that he had heard of him. And he reprimanded George severely for the insult he had offered to the integrity of Franklin.

"Well," said George, sulkily, "my father and mother will be in town again in a few days, and then they will take me home. I am sure I shall be glad of it, for I have no desire to be abused any farther by Harry Clarke on account of his ragamuffin printer-boy."

"I am no ragamuffin," said Franklin; "for my mother always keeps my every-day clothes well mended, and I have a good suit for Sunday. I know I have a patch on each knee, but nothing like a rag."

"And now, Ben," said Harry, going close to him and speaking in a low voice, "I must give you back your crown-piece."

Franklin changed colour, snatched up his bundle of newspapers, and immediately ran off, saying, "I have stayed too long—I must make haste with my papers."

That evening a servant of Mr. Clarke's came

to the printing-office with a billet inscribed, "For Benjamin Franklin." It was from Harry, and enclosed the said crown, accompanied by the following words:

"Dear Ben,—No more heroics—they don't suit people of sense, therefore they don't suit *you*. Listen now to plain, sober, quiet reason. You must and shall take back the crown-piece. If you return it, I'll throw it immediately into the street, and never speak to you again while I live on earth.

"I've bought the great humming-top, having received my week's allowance on Monday. It hums so loudly that you may hear it half over the North End.

"Yours till death,
"(for of course you'll keep the crown,)
"H. C."

Franklin pondered for a few minutes, and at last wisely concluded to put up the crown-piece with the rest of his money. And he felt happy once more; for he found that he had now enough to buy the Arabian Nights. The day after New-Year's, he had priced in a book-store a set exactly similar to Harry's, (except that the binding, though equally handsome, was green

instead of red,) and which they told him was the only copy in town.

Next morning he bought the book, and had sixpence left. I need not say with what avidity he snatched every leisure moment, and how late he sat up at night, till he had gone through these volumes, so fascinating to all young people when they read them for the first time. When he had finished, he tied them up in a paper cover, which he inscribed, "For Master Henry Clarke, from Benjamin Franklin;" and carrying the parcel to the house, he gave it in charge to John, and went away immediately.

On the following day Mr. Clarke sent Franklin, as a present, a complete set of the Spectator handsomely bound, and also a kind note offering to lend him from his library any books that he had a desire to read, and urging him to apply for them without scruple. And Harry added a line, saying, "You know you shall always be welcome to any of mine."

Franklin was as glad as if he had met with a mine of gold. He was now in a fair way of obtaining as many books as he could find time to read. Other gentlemen took notice of him, and extended to him the same kindness. And he was occasionally enabled to buy a book

which it was desirable to read more than once, or to consult frequently.

The intense interest in books that was always evinced by this poor boy, and his earnest efforts to procure them, made eventually a deep impression on Harry Clarke. He began to think that there really *must* be something delightful in reading, and he made a resolution to try it seriously, and to persevere in it if possible. In a short time he conquered his repugnance so far as to find great pleasure in story-books and other works of imagination; and after a while (we must confess it was a long while) he came to take equal interest in literature of a higher class. The improvement of his mind was of course rapid and obvious, and caused much happiness to his fond parents. Still he liked to play on the Common.

The death of George Ellis's injudicious mother, and his father's subsequent marriage with a sensible and amiable woman, wrought so great a change for the better in the young fopling, that in process of time he gradually got rid of his impertinence, his arrogance, and even of his vanity, and he grew up a very respectable member of society.

The leading events of the life of Dr. Franklin

are, or ought to be, known to most of my young readers. To those who are yet unacquainted with the history of that truly great man, I earnestly recommend a little book (first published in Boston in 1825) containing his life as written by himself up to the period of his marriage, and afterwards continued by one of his intimate friends; and comprising also an entertaining and instructive selection of his miscellaneous essays.

To return to our story: after Franklin had left Boston at the age of sixteen to seek his fortune in another city, the Clarke family lost sight of him for many years. But he went on and prospered; and they derived much satisfaction from the evidences of his celebrity that gradually extended over every part of America. In after-life Harry Clarke visited Europe; and was at Versailles when his old friend Benjamin Franklin (once the poor printer, and now the distinguished philosopher and the highly-trusted diplomatist) was presented to the King and Queen of France, honoured by the wisest and courted by the noblest of the land.



THE GUARDIAN.

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The mastiff, whose terrific bark full well the robber knows,
And trembling lurks beneath the hedge, or where the wild-wood grows;
The greyhound, graceful as the pard, and as the arrow fleet,
And bounding as the young chamois, where rocks and torrents meet;

The terrier, hardy, fierce, and keen, whom fox and badger fear;
The beagle with his cheerful voice, like music on the ear;
The harrier—fox-hound, tall and light, and eager for the morn,
Which calls the chase o'er mead and moor, and wakes the hunter's horn!

The sleuth-hound, gaunt and terrible, stern punisher of crimes,
The foremost on the outlaw's track, in dark and barbarous times;
Ah! not alone the felon's heart hath shudder'd at his cry,
But kings have heard his savage yell, and knew they were to die!

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The setter famed for scent, and speed, and sight,
to point the game,
When falls the fleet and glittering bird beneath
the sportsman's aim;
The spaniel, large and rough, who loves the
river's sedgy breast,
Where water-fowl and wild ducks build their
solitary nest;

The Alpine dog, that daily roams the wilderness
of snow,
To aid the sinking traveller, and cheer him midst
his wo;
To guide him to the convent, while the generous
monks procure
Refreshment for the wanderer, the desolate, and
poor;

The springer, whose sagacity the snipe and
woodcock dread,
And hide themselves, in heath, and fen, and
marshes, overhead;
The Greenland dog, through hail and sleet that
skims the sledge along,
In sunless climes, where Winter howls his wild
tempestuous song!

*All, all* I'll love, for thy dear sake, and praise the hand that gave
So trusty, fond, and firm a guard, the shepherd's flock to save;
So vigilant a watch by night, so safe and sure a friend,
Still foremost at his master's side, and faithful to the end!

O! many a heart from him may learn fidelity and zeal,
And diligence to seek and serve, whatever wrongs they feel;
And gratitude, which ne'er forgets one act of kindness past,
And courage insurmountable, and constant to the last.

## THE GAME OF "THE TRAVELLER."

By THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN IN SEARCH OF A DAUGHTER."

"WHAT *shall* we play at next, to-night?" asked a large happy youthful party assembled during the Christmas holydays round the cheerful blazing fire at Dacre Hall—a nice old-fashioned English country-house, where people, young and old, were neither (as is now sometimes the case) too wise to be merry; nor (as used perhaps to be in former days) too merry to be wise.

The earlier part of the evening, to indulge the children, and in good-humoured conformity with ancient custom, had been spent in blind-man's buff and dancing in the hall. But the little ones, fairly worn out with enjoyment, were now put to bed; and among the elder children, musicians and dancers declared themselves equally exhausted; so that a "sitting still" play for the rest of the evening was unanimously voted.

What this was to be, was by no means so easily settled. "Cross purposes" (long obsolete) were declared too old-fashioned; "What's my

thought like?" too childish; and "*Bouts rimés*," or verses successively written and folded down by each of the party, too difficult for some, and too troublesome for all. "Oh! what *would* we give, papa, if you would teach us a new game to-night! something neither too silly nor too sensible, but very entertaining without being mere nonsense, like the old 'Questions and commands,' and 'Consequences.'"

"Really," answered Mr. Dacre, very good-humouredly, "if I knew any such charming game, I should be delighted to play at it myself; as I often am to read, both for amusement and instruction, the many nice books, exactly such as you describe, which you lucky young folks now-a-days have written for you every day. Can't you contrive a play out of some of these? There was one in my youth called the 'Twenty Questions,' puzzling enough to us *then*, but which you great geographers, historians, and naturalists, ought to have at the tip of your tongues."

"Oh! papa, I know what you mean,—people have twenty questions allowed them to find out anything fixed on, by—and the first is always 'whether animal, vegetable, or mineral?' and I remember clever Mr. S—— finding out the olive-leaf that Noah's dove plucked, which some cunning persor

had thought of to puzzle him, before his twenty questions were half used up. It is a very sensible nice game, I dare say; but just now we should like something a little newer and merrier."

"I think I can accommodate you," said an agreeable young man from Germany, on a visit at Dacre Hall, who spoke English like a native, and was, from his unaffected simplicity of character, a great favourite with young and old. "*We* have a game we are very fond of, called 'the Traveller,' something like the one your father mentioned, only that *every one* must fix on something different—the drollest and most out of the way he can think of—and try to put the poor traveller out by bringing it in—the more *mal à propos* the better—while he is telling the story of his journey; and *he*, on pain of a forfeit, must not seem in the least put out, but account quite naturally for the strange thing being there, and explain how it came to be so, were it ever so unaccountable. You can't think what ingenuity this sometimes requires, and how droll it sounds to hear the odd things which practised players make the poor traveller find in the most unlikely places."

"Oh! it must be capital!" cried all the de-
easi-
were young people, "for those who can *do* it,

that is to say; but *we* shall never be able to manage any thing so difficult."

"Why the part of the 'traveller' *does* require a little practice and presence of mind at first," said the good-humoured German, "so I'll take that on myself this time. All *you* have to do is each to fix on some separate article—if absurd, so much the more puzzling for me; and when, at any part of my story, I look at a particular person, and say, 'what did I meet with?' this person must furnish me with the thing he thought of. If *he* forgets, or does not immediately produce it, he pays a forfeit; if *I* cannot give a plausible reason (good or bad, of course) for its being there, *I* must pay one instead; but you'll learn best by example. I am going to be very generous against myself, and put it in your power to annoy me doubly, by letting you, beforehand, into my proposed line of journey. I mean to be travelling from Paris to Rome, across the Simplon, because it is a beaten route, and most of you know pretty well what *ought*, or *ought not* to be met with on it."

"Oh, yes! we begin to understand," said some of the elder boys and girls; "we'll puzzle you finely if you will give us time to think a little. You'll play, papa, won't you?"

"I'd rather sit by and get a lesson," said Mr. Dacre, smiling, "that I may be able to take the place of my good friend Albert, when he is *really* gone on his travels. In the mean time you had better be leaving Paris—it grows late."

"Well," said young Albert gravely, "suppose me getting into the diligence to leave that far-famed city, two hours before day-break on a fine summer morning, at the door of the office called *Bureau des Postes.* I could just discern by a dim lamp that the coach was already pretty well filled, and squeezed myself the best way I could into the remaining seat. But when daylight began to come in, who do *you* think, Jane,"—here he looked suddenly at the totally unprepared *youngest* little girl in the company—"I saw had been for some time past my fellow-passenger?"

All the players started, taken quite by surprise by this very early appeal; and as its poor little victim had *really* forgotten what it was that Mr. Dacre had advised her to fix on, the good-humoured traveller, saying, "I may as well make you pay forfeit *now*, that others may take warning," gave the half-frightened child a kiss, and turned to a tall boy on the opposite side of the circle, with, "well, Fred! what *did* I find squatted beside me?"

"An ourang outang!" said Fred delightedly; "nice company, was it not?"

"Why I don't know," answered the traveller, without moving a muscle; "most of the party clamoured violently as daylight came in, and they found they had been hoaxed to travel with a monkey. But, as he behaved with more sense, and looked more like a human creature than half the dandies in Paris, and was moreover amazingly amusing, we all rejoiced in having such an opportunity of witnessing his singular docility and gentleness. His keeper, who sat opposite, was brother to our coachy, and as *Monsieur Jocko*, (the greatest pet in all the French Zoological Gardens, called '*Jardin des Plantes*,') was poorly, and required country air, he thought he might smuggle him in, in the dark, as far as the first stage, where he stopped at one of the king's hunting-lodges in the town of B——. I assure you we were all sorry when he left the coach with his hat under his arm, bowing to every one round, like a perfect gentleman."

"You've got pretty well out of *that* scrape," muttered Fred, the author of the ourang outang device; "but you must not humbug us often with monkeys in coaches, else we shall think you are coming the traveller over us in earnest."

"And so I am," answered Albert, smiling, "only you shall own that stories as strange are often met with in *real* books of travels. But as coaches, after all, are not good places for adventures, I met with but one more—that had like to have been a very fatal one. We were bowling away, helter skelter, in the usual reckless style of French driving, down the steep declivity of Mount Jura, towards Switzerland, late one foggy evening, when the coach suddenly encountered some unexpected obstacle, and was overturned with a dreadful jolt. Pray what was the cause of our misfortune, Miss Lousia, you who have *really* travelled that road yourself?"

"A billiard-table!" replied the malicious young lady addressed, who flattered herself she had *indeed upset* the luckless traveller.

"Just a billiard-table," quietly repeated the nowise disconcerted Albert, "however strange it may seem till I explain the circumstances. The journey I am describing was performed shortly after the occupation of Geneva; and a French regiment, returning across the Jura to defend its native soil, had thrown off from an overloaded waggon the least important (though to French officers not the least interesting) part of their camp furniture—their tra-

velling billiard-table, the valuable green plain of which had been hastily wrenched off, and the clumsy old legs left, with true military recklessness, so near the edge of the road as to enable our driver to run foul of them in the dark. We were not the first by many who have owed their misfortune to a billiard-table, and it would be well for all its voluntary victims if they got off as easily as we did!"

"And so well!" cried the party, half amused, half provoked at the coolness with which Albert converted into *possibilities* at least, the most unlikely occurrences.

"I need not," resumed the traveller, "tell *you*, who have all read descriptions, and seen prints of the beautiful scenery of Switzerland, how completely the morning view of Mont Blanc from the summit of the Jura, made up for our night's misadventure. We were lost in delighted admiration for several minutes, on first perceiving, embosomed in its lovely garden-like shores, the clear unruffled lake of Geneva. But this soon gave place to astonishment on distinguishing, right in the very middle of it—*what*, William? —methinks I have caught *you* napping."

"A hay-cock," answered hesitatingly the boy thus roused, who, duller than the rest, and con-

sequently less interested in the game, had fallen half asleep over a book of rural views—the one of which he happened to see on first opening his eyes, was a scene of hay-making.

"You're *done* now, Mr. Traveller," cried many a laughing voice, "thanks to Bill's luck. Hay-making in the water will puzzle even *you!*"

"It has indeed baffled wiser heads than mine," continued the German with his usual composure, "to explain satisfactorily the phenomenon which in the singularly clear transparent atmosphere of Switzerland is sometimes, though very rarely, discernible. Just opposite to Geneva rises a green sugar-loaf shaped mountain called the 'Môle,' which, though some miles removed from the margin of the lake, is nevertheless at times, by a peculiar combination of lights, distinctly reflected in its magic mirror. And on this mountain it happens that a style of hay-making quite peculiar to itself is also carried on. Once every year the whole young people of the neighbouring district assemble for a frolic on its summit, and after cutting down and drying its rich, sweet, fragrant, grass, pile it into enormous heaps (more like young hills than hay-cocks) and hurl them, with all the laughter and merriment you may suppose, right down the face of the mountain

to the bottom. Now as I was lucky enough to see the Môle plainly reflected in the lake below, nay to perceive occasional irregularities in its sharp outline, occasioned, doubtless, by *huge* mountains of hay (which I afterwards heard the merry Savoyards were at the very time employed in throwing over), I may, without more exaggeration than is the traveller's privilege, be allowed to say, I beheld hay-cocks in the middle of the lake of Geneva!"

"Oh, Mr. Albert, you are too many for us!" cried the elder children, who could best appreciate the readiness with which he had allowably pressed a curious natural phenomenon into his service at a pinch. But this inventive quickness only sharpened, of course, their desire, if possible, to outwit him; and in this charitable hope he was unanimously pressed to go on.

"Being desirous of visiting, on my way to Italy, the far-famed valley of Chamouni, its wonderful glaciers, and stupendous mountains (especially the monarch of them all, Mont Blanc, which rises, as is well known, directly from the valley), I chose to rejoin by that route the Simplon road, instead of skirting the beautiful lake by way of Lausanne and Vevay. Gladly would I have accomplished both, but time forbade,

and Nature's wilder beauties induced me to resign her softer and more cultivated scenes.

"Arrived at Chamouni (in travelling to which, by the by, I skirted the base of the Môle, and found my youthful haymakers still pursuing their blithe vocation), my first expedition of course was to the celebrated Mer de Glace, which derives its name from its strong resemblance to a stormy ocean suddenly congealed. My wonder on first beholding, even after all I had heard of it, this striking spectacle was great indeed! Its *solid* waves, dark green in some parts, in others crystal clear, were bounded, like those of the real ocean, by a vast rocky border (or *moraine*, as it is called) of huge stones, heaved up through frightful fissures from its icy bosom; while frequent avalanches, or snow slides, from the surrounding peaks, caused by the heat of the noonday sun, heightened, by their deep awful sound, the unrivalled wildness of the scene.

"Full of the sublimest musings on its unparalleled grandeur, and doubting whether it could ever be exceeded, even amid the works of Nature, what object, still more wonderful at such an elevation, saluted—Jane Dacre, *you* should be able to tell me—my astonished eyes?"

"A bowl of punch!" triumphantly exclaimed

the sly young lady; "rather a sinking in poetry, was it not, Sir Traveller, on the Mer de Glace?"

"I admit it," answered he, with his usual *sang froid*, "but very welcome notwithstanding; and not the less so for the circumstances under which it presented itself. Dazzled at length by the reflection from the shining surface of the icy sea, and exhausted by the long ascent of seven miles to it, which, while others ride on mules, I had performed on foot, I strolled towards the hospice, or hut, erected on its margin for the refreshment of travellers, some of whom, as cheerful voices from within assured me, had already taken possession.

"I entered, and the first object that saluted me on its rude stone table, was the identical punch-bowl you mention, or rather, to speak more correctly, a wooden milk-vessel belonging to the hut, round which sat a party of jolly Scotchmen, whose chief, an old Highland gentleman, had carried all the way from his native north, a bottle of his beloved whisky! for the special purpose of quaffing it on the kindred summit of the Montanvert.

"In the rude northern accents so congenial to the German ear, I was of course invited to partake; and found the Celtic beverage (thanks,

perhaps, to the intense thirst created by my fatiguing climb) as much more palatable than the kirschwasser (or whisky distilled from cherries) of Switzerland, as the Scottish mountains it came from must yield in grandeur to the Alps. Was I not in luck, Miss Dacre, to stumble on perhaps the first and last bowl of punch ever brewed upon their summits?—the more so, as the rencontre I describe has, I assure you, more of *fact* in it than I would swear of *all* the Traveller's tales you spiteful imps have made me palm upon you to-night!"

"How odd!" cried some; "how clever!" exclaimed all; "'tis quite in vain to put you out; but 'tis worth while to try, only to hear you tell your travels so delightfully. Go on, go on!"

"Tearing myself with regret from Chamouni and its primitive people, I crossed on foot the rugged Col de Balme, and rejoined the great Simplon road at Martigny; whose devastation by a sudden flood some years ago is still attested by its desolating vestiges on the surrounding country. Proceeding along the dull, and in some parts dreary valley of the Rhone, still farther saddened to the traveller's eye by the frequent *crétins* or idiots, with sunken eyes

and swelled throats, whom its confined atmosphere and snowy beverage are supposed to produce and perpetuate, we reached at length the bottom of the stupendous road, which, when all the conquests of Napoleon are forgotten, will continue, in spite of his far different intentions, to unite distant nations by its friendly peaceful link.

"This magnificent road wound upward so gradually and skilfully, that having left the lumbering diligence and its eight horses far behind, I walked, unconscious of fatigue, nearly fourteen miles to its summit, where I paused (not for the first time, you may believe) to look back from a height of 6000 feet over the mighty valley and its gigantic framework of still loftier peaks, while stunted fir-trees now afforded the only vegetation, and a few goats, diminished to mere specks, the only living things on which the eye reposed.

"As I was sitting by the road-side (any farther progress on foot being arrested by newly fallen snow), listlessly awaiting the arrival of the diligence, near the course of one of the thousand torrents which come rushing down the innumerable ravines, and threaten the traveller with an unexpected shower-bath, what do *you* think, Richard, suddenly caught my astonished eyes?"

"A whale!" cried Dick, exultingly; "and very like a whale it must have seemed to find one on the Alps."

"I did not indeed remember," gravely resumed the traveller, "to have read of any fossil whales at quite such lofty elevations; but as their remains have been found in the most extraordinary situations, and sea shells, in the freshest preservation, embedded in some of the highest summits of our earth, the gigantic ribs, now scarce discernible from the sharp rocks among which they protruded, did not, after the first moment of surprise, seem so very astounding. I should, indeed, have been puzzled to what marine or land animal (to which latter, you know, the whale is in its structure more nearly related) to ascribe the relics, had not the diligence, which now came up, luckily contained an Italian student of anatomy returning from Paris (fresh from the lectures of Cuvier), who put us right at once, and joyfully set on foot a subscription to get the cantonniers, or road-makers, (stationed at regular distances in cottages, called refugees), to disinter, before the snow should cover it, the whole of the fossil skeleton, and have it forwarded to the museum of his native city of Bologna. Of course this

scientific adventure furnished conversation all the way to Milan."

"You may as well say Rome at once, and get to your journey's end!" sighed the provoked and disheartened party; "for if we were to say you saw St. Peter's in the moon, or the moon made of a green cheese, you would get out of the scrape in some way or other!"

"What I might manage to see in the moon, we must take for granted till I have been there;" said the Traveller, laughing. "As for the moon herself, whether she was actually manufactured into a green cheese, I did not stay to ascertain, but this I know, that it was in a *cheese-tub* I saw her with more of interest than I ever did before, or probably shall again."

"Nay, now, you surely *are* romancing!" cried some of the younger children; "how *could* the moon, which we all know is so large, get into a cheese-tub?"

"Just as the sun, which all of you know is larger still, goes into the object-glass of a small telescope, or into each of the eight thousand reflecting mirrors contained in the eyes of a common house-fly. But since you defy me to it, I'll force you to confess I had both sun and moon together in my tub!—what think you of that?"

"Oh, tell us, tell us!" cried every one impatiently.

"It is soon told. You must know, that once on a time, while we were stopping for dinner at *one* o'clock (nursery hours these, my little Jane?) at a Swiss village, I wondered all of a sudden to see the bright summer sun grow dim and overcast, while yet no gathering clouds accounted for the strange appearance. By and by, the cows and goats round the little inn began to take up their night's quarters, and the fowl to seek their accustomed roost; while one gray, cold, unnatural shade diffused itself over the deep blue sky and singularly green meadows of the pastoral country in which we were. Even I felt awed by the change which had thus taken place I knew not why."

"*I* know!" cried out one of the younger children eagerly; "it was an eclipse of the sun that caused it."

"You are quite right, my little man," said the traveller, "and prove yourself as much of a philosopher as the good folks of Sursée, who, while I, heedless mortal! never once thought of the eclipse, had provided a whole simple apparatus of smoked glass and tubs full of water, to enjoy it at their leisure.

"Of these, I assure you, I was very glad to avail myself, and by their help saw, for the first and probably the last time in my life, (the eclipse being what is called *annular*,) the sun and moon, in loving conjunction, in one huge cheese-vat, the former entirely hidden by the latter, except a little silver rim of light not thicker to the eye than your mamma's wedding ring! The sight, you may believe, was a very interesting one; and the gradual return to cheerful daylight and bright sunshine, the joyful chirping of birds, and lowing of the cows, after our two hours of night, was not a thing to be hastily forgotten.

"But we must hasten to the end of our journey, for Mr. Dacre's watch in his hand tells us we must go to bed *in earnest*. You talked just now quite hopelessly of puzzling me about St. Peter's. Well! suppose me fairly at Rome, gazing, with feelings only inferior to those experienced in viewing the great works of nature, up at its gigantic porticoes, lulled by its ceaseless fountains, and stretching my neck in wondering admiration of its lofty dome—I give you leave to pick out of all your busy fancies, the vulgarest, the drollest, and most out-of-the-way thing you have yet mentioned as falling in my

way: what shall it be? you may lay all your heads together."

After much whispering, and a burst of laughter which spoke a certain triumph over the luckless Traveller, a malicious little urchin gave the fatal words, "A pair of bagpipes!"

"Bagpipes and St. Peter's! Come, that's pretty well," cried the exulting children; while the Traveller, with a pitying smile, wished they had given him a less easy triumph.

"Bagpipes," said he, "unfortunately for your victory, are almost as common at one season in Rome as in the Highlands of Scotland; and often at the time when the pilgrims, whose bands they usually accompany, swarm around St. Peter's, have I taken refuge within it, from the harsh sounds which grated on my ear without,—escaping from the 'piferari' as I now do (seizing a bed-room candle) from my persecutors here, to whom I wish a good sound sleep to-night, and better success in their attack upon me to-morrow!"

## THE BEE.

By MRS. GODWIN.

"Why are you loitering here, friend Bee—
I pray, have you journeyed far?"
"I've winged my way o'er grove and tree,
Where the brightest blossoms are.

I rent but late a gossamer veil
From the violet's modest crest;
And I murmured last a tender tale
On the rose's fragrant breast.

I've sipped from the lily's chalice white
The earliest dews that fall;
And I've hummed myself to sleep at night
In the hare-bell's silken pall.

Where'er I roam, at every shrine,
I breathe a passionate vow;
And I'm in quest of the wild woodbine,
And the starry jasmine now."

"Out on thy boasting, vagrant bee!
A trifler in sooth thou art;
And there seems not a spark of constancy
In thy little foolish heart."

"Nay," quoth the bee, "unjust art thou,
Unskilled in our insect ways;
But listen, and I will tell thee how
We spend in cares our days.

'Tis thine to muse over printed books,
Enrich'd with the stores of mind;
'Tis for me to visit remotest nooks,
The meek wild-flowers to find.

Think what a task have I to learn —
Mid the blooms that deck the field,
I must seek out that in whose painted urn
The richest spoil lies sealed.

O'er mountain heights, where the heather grows,
And the thyme abundant springs,
I must speed my way, though the rude gale blows,
And the rain-drop steeps my wings.

On my tiny limbs I must bear a weight,
Though it seems but dust to thee—
When wafted miles through the air, 'tis a freight
Enough for the strength of a bee.

And the toil that's mine no tongue can tell,
In the heart of my straw-built home—
Do you know that I fashion the wondrous cell
Of the delicate honeycomb?

Then chide me not when I take my rest,
Or sport in the beams of the sun,
Or tarry awhile an unbidden guest
In your bower, as I just have done."

# TEMPER IN TRIFLES.

By MRS. FLETCHER (late MISS JEWSBURY).

On Adelaide Ross's twelfth birth-day a young party was collected to celebrate her nearer approach to the teens. The neighbourhood abounded in large families; and though only the female part of the junior branches was invited, they yielded an abundant supply of guests;—many more than Adelaide wished: for of all the little Prices she could not endure one, and manifested equal affection for the four Miss Smiths and their six cousins the Jobsons and the Joneses. Emma Mordaunt was the sole companion for whom she avowed or felt partiality, partly because Emma had neither brother nor sister, and being only half as much spoiled as herself, was, though two years younger, only half as naughty. Perhaps the strongest ground of regard arose from Emma being a very delightful child,—bright and wild, but delicate in her feelings, and quick in her perceptions. Now, the rest of the party were, in Adelaide's judgment, (not the judgment of charity, certainly), either

vulgar and stupid, or what, from her peculiar naughtiness, she hated worse, good little girls, who learnt their lessons perfectly, held up their heads, and if they tore their frocks, could mend them very neatly. Adelaide was a clever, spoiled, self-willed damsel, who desired to govern her playmates by what she conceived the "divine right" of superiority. She would give and lend every thing they chose to wish for; she would lavishly distribute amongst them all that they valued and she cared nothing about—dainties, toys, baubles, finery; but then there was an occasional contempt in her deportment, and an easy assumption of sovereign power, that exceedingly detracted from the grace of her generosity.

"Now, Addy, my darling, do behave prettily to-day, after the trouble I have taken to make nice things—two dishes of jelly, two of custard, a trifle, and no end of cakes and tarts."

"Emma is a much cheaper visitor, grandmamma; *she* never wants nice things."

"No, my dear; but, as I was going to say, do behave prettily to the little Prices, and speak pleasantly to the Miss Smiths, and let them play at what they like."

"Grandmamma, I always do."

"Yes, love, but play with them yourself; don't

stand on one side with Emma Mordaunt, laughing, and making game, just like Patience on monument; they go home and tell their papas and mammas, and then their papas and mammas talk of it amongst themselves, and call my grandaughter proud. Oh! it is a shocking thing to be called proud, and to be above people!"

"But may I not be above people's vulgar ways, grandmamma?"

Emma Mordaunt, who, as first of the expected guests, happened to be by, saved grandmamma the task of answering. "Adelaide," said she, "papa says, that the most vulgar of all ways is, not to be civil to every one, whether we like them or not."

"Very, very sensible indeed," observed grandmamma; "because, if you are civil to every body, every body likes you."

"But I do not want Mr. and Mrs. Smith, or Mr. and Mrs. Jobson, or Mr. and Mrs. Price, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones, to like me," said the audacious, though rebuked party. Fortunately, the arrival in a body of the daughters of the despised gentility of the neighbourhood prevented any further manifestations of dismay, and changed the conversation into greetings and family inquiries.

"Mamma," said one of the elder Prices,

"sends her respects, and hopes Martha will not be troublesome; she begged so hard to come, that mamma did not like to refuse; but she is very young to go a-visiting.—Martha, let that alone, I say."

"Martha is a little love," said Adelaide, "and will, I daresay, behave as well as any of the party."

Ever "on hospitable thoughts intent," grandmamma's first care was to regale the children, who, in their various uniforms of white frocks with pink sashes, and white frocks with blue ones, and of all ages from six to twelve, formed a tolerable company; for she was strongly imbued with the old-fashioned notion, that the way to all children's hearts is through their stomachs. The grave and important discussion of fruit and cakes ended, the old lady left the room, bidding them be happy, and amuse themselves till dinner-time.

"What would you like to play at, young ladies?" inquired Adelaide, with a very commendable approach to an obliging manner.

"Hot cockles is a nice game," suggested one of the little Prices.

"Hunt the slipper is a nicer—only our frocks!" suggested one of the elder ones.

"Or blind man's buff," said a Jobson.

"Or thread the needle," said a Jones.

"Let us play at school," cried little Martha, "and let me be the naughty girl."

"These are very silly games," cried the eldest Miss Smith; "let us act visits, and I will be one of the beaux."

Adelaide's smile of contempt at this last suggestion was almost pardonable; but her own amendment was not in reality much better. "Let us act a play at once," said she.

"Oh, charming!" exclaimed the whole group.

"Let it be Blue Beard," said a Jobson.

"No; Fair Rosamond," said a Jones.

"Let us play Punch," said little Martha, "and Miss Adelaide shall be the showman."

"I propose," said Adelaide, "that we act the last witch-scene in Macbeth. The children will do for the apparitions that are to rise. Emma, love, tie on your bonnet, and just run home for the book; I will rummage up finery for our dresses. What a good thought, is it not? The fish-kettle will do for the witches' cauldron."

"Delightful!" cried all in a breath; "but how are we to know what to say?"

"Oh! I will teach you," cried Adelaide: "Miss Jobson, you shall be Hecate; Miss

Smith, you shall be one of the witches." And straightway Adelaide was aroused to the full display of her energies.

Grandmamma, glad to see her so heartily engaged in promoting the pleasure of her companions, willingly suffered an inroad to be made on her wardrobe; and hats, coats, cloaks, ribands, turbans, and feathers, soon filled the parlour with materials for making heroes and heroines. But the young tragedians, when duly equipped, bearded, and blackened, still wanted a little of perfection. No one but Adelaide knew her part; she was to be Macbeth; and wearing her grandmamma's Indian scarf as a girdle, through which one of the silver skewers was stuck as a dagger; a certain decayed black beaver hat of her own, profusely ornamented with ribands, on her head; and over her shoulders thrown that emphatically royal robe a mantle, — all the romance of her heart was gratified; and Adelaide looked, stepped, and spoke, a most self-willed representation of the kingly thane. An abbreviation of Macbeth's speeches she rehearsed, and gained the plaudits of all her company; but when she essayed her part of manager, her success was less flattering. Queen Hecate was intolerably stupid; the witches made the incantations yet more bar-

barous by their mistakes; and the descendants of Banquo persisted in rising, or rather stepping forward, all at once: they rose *en masse*. In her zeal for Shakespeare, Adelaide lost her temper. Carried away by her enthusiasm, that seldom gave or denied importance to an occupation in proportion to its worth, the acting of this witch-scene, according to her notions of correct acting, became for the time a matter of life and death. For awhile the little manager was allowed to direct and order—reprove and scold—in a most magisterial manner; but at last one of the witches, presuming to glory over her, on the strength of having seen the whole tragedy performed in a barn, Adelaide expressed the most unmeasured contempt; and the whole *corps dramatique* broke out into open rebellion. Emma tried to restore peace in vain. The dignity of assumed and natural character was aroused, and the parlour became a real green-room.

"I did not come here to be insulted," exclaimed Queen Hecate, tossing off an amber gauze turban.

"Play by yourself, miss, in future," cried the gallant Lennox, flinging from her shoulders the green baize table-cloth which had served as the tartan screen.

Little Martha had been the "child crowned," and she sat in one corner crying under the lilac branch that had been gathered to represent the tree which the said child ought to bear in its hand. The witches, black in their attire, looked blacker in wrath. Adelaide was ashamed of her error, yet too proud to own it. No one was in good temper but Emma. In the midst of the clamour grandmamma entered: she lifted up her hands, and demanded an explanation.

"Miss Adelaide was so cross."

"They were all so tiresome."

Grandmamma, alarmed for the credit of her house, marched the whole body, accusers and delinquents, into the dining-room; and by a superabundance of sweet words, and a good dinner, endeavoured to heal the breaches. The remainder of the day she wisely remained with them herself; but the book of sports was closed—the spirit of mirth had evaporated—and all the little Prices, the four Smiths, with their six cousins, the Jobsons and the Joneses, went home in dudgeon dire.

"There—see what you have done with your foolish naughtiness!" said the good-natured, much-enduring old lady, when bed-time came, and, with it, quiet; "a pretty character you will

have: I don't believe one of your play-fellows will ever come near you again. Fie, for shame! and you twelve years old to-day! Fie, for shame! and there they will tell all their papas and mammas."

"I don't care about their telling; they may tell what they please; but what really vexes me is, to know that I have done wrong, and I can't undo it." And with this confession Adelaide went to bed, rejoicing in the prospect of unpopularity, inasmuch as it would free her from much future contact with girls she disliked.

Poor Adelaide! how much some characters have to endure before they soften! like iron, they can only be tempered by fire. Perhaps, one day or other, I may narrate some of the trials and sorrows that Adelaide encountered before she learnt the value of "a meek and quiet spirit."

## THE FOREST-SPRING.

*Affectionately inscribed to his little Nephew, J. H. H.*

By RICHARD HOWITT.

I saw within the forest deep a very pleasant place,
Where Spring had entered with a smile, and looked it into grace;
And there amid the blossoms sweet out-gush'd a current clear,
That filled the eye with joyful light, with murmurs soft the ear:
"Thou art," I cried unto myself, "a fountain of deep joy,
And dost remind me by thy grace of one beloved boy."

Luxuriantly from sheltering boughs in that delightful nook
The foliage drooped, and kept aloof the sun's consuming look:

In the fierce summer, when the birds were all too
faint to sing,
Leaping and sparkling on its course sang ever-
more that spring;
Clasped round as by a mother's arms, preserved
from all annoy,
"O, spring!" I cried, "how art thou like to
one beloved boy!"

With nature wandering hand in hand, I never yet
had seen
Such gentle drooping of the boughs, and such
delicious green;
Such graceful tendrils, interlaced with blossoms
dancing light,
As there above that little spring waved freshly
on the sight;
My heart beat quick, I felt a pride which nothing
could destroy,
For more than ever did I think of one beloved
boy.

Gush from the rock in joyful strength, and sing
thou on thy way,
Sweet fountain of the quiet dell, bright creature
of the day!

Yet not more lightly wilt thou leap, nor murmur
with more glee,
Thou flitting butterfly of brooks, thou pasture-
humming bee,
Than one whom lately I beheld, a being made
of joy,
Nor can'st thou steal into the heart like that
beloved boy.

## STANZAS.

By RICHARD HOWITT.

O, BOYHOOD is a mountain brook,
That starts, and leaps, and curls, and foa
That frets through many a flowery nook,
To find a thousand homes.

Youth is a torrent, from the rocks
That leaps, and shouts along the vales,
With glassy sheets and stunning shocks
That thunders and prevails.

And manhood is a powerful source,
Of ampler depth, a graceful tide,
Which in its daily gathering course
Spreads health and plenty wide.

Old age—it is a tranquil pool,
A haven of reflection clear;
A stilly place of shadows cool,
And loneliness austere.

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## THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

By Mrs. HOFLAND.

"Myself and friend intended to stay here some days, for the purpose of angling in your beautiful stream," said Mr. Strickland to the landlord of a little inn in Hampshire; "but we cannot get on for want of minnows, which it seems can neither be caught nor bought."

"I hope your honours will not lose your sport, nor I my guests, for want of minnows; they may be scarce, but I'll be bound little Locke Eastwood will find some, for he understands all about fishing, is a very curious creature, and has what I calls a *genus* for every thing:—I'll see after him directly."

As the landlord set out, Mr. Latham (the other gentleman) observed, that "too probably the genius in question was an idle boy, with a taste for sport rather than work, but gifted with the eye and the tact required in the art of angling."

Under this idea he was about to question the master of the Red Lion further, when that person returned with the welcome information that

Locke Eastwood had promised to be up before sunrise, and procure their honours the minnows.

"But can we depend upon him? that is the question."

"Any body hereabouts, sir, would take Locke's word for twenty pounds; and if you'd a seen how hard he worked to finish binding the faggots, in order that he might feed his donkey, and then get his own supper and be off to bed, you'd have had no fear for his rising."

The promise was verified; for at an early hour, as the gentlemen took their way towards the river, they saw the boy pursuing his avocation, and were alike struck by the sunshiny good-humour beaming in his handsome though sunburnt features; they remarked, also, the neatness of his homely dress, the whiteness of his shirt, and the cleanness of his hands, from which they concluded that he had respectable female relations. His personal characteristics were, however, soon forgotten in his success, which had been so great, that they told him they should have no occasion for more; and after paying very liberally for that which they had despaired of securing, added, "that they wished to have such a handy boy along with them, as he would be useful with the landing-net."

The youth looked at the half-crown in his hand as if it had not only a claim on his gratitude, but his future services; yet he had much labour to perform at home; and after some hesitation he said, "he wished to go, for he could point out some good spots for a few old trout; but he must speak to his grandmother first; as his home lay in the way to the mill-dam, it would not hinder the gentlemen."

A short time sufficed to bring the party to the humble abode of dame Eastwood and our young fisherman. It was a cottage of small dimensions, but nearly surrounded by a garden full of various produce; and so neat, that Mr. Latham immediately said, "Who manages your garden, my man?"

"I dig and set, and do the rough, myself, sir; grandmother weeds and gathers, and does all she can, being very handy."

As he spoke, a respectable woman about sixty, with a neat cap and apron, came forward to await the commands of the strangers, or invite them to rest. The boy immediately put the money he had received into her hands, saying, "The gentlemen wish me to go with them to fish; but perhaps you cannot spare me?"

"My dear Locke, I *must* spare you, for your

services are already paid for;" and she added, turning to the gentlemen, "my grandson is the best of boys, and has a right to a little pleasure sometimes; besides, it will take him away from his book; so that I am every way thankful for your offer."

They departed; and on the way Mr. Strickland, who had been much struck by the general propriety of Mrs. Eastwood's appearance, and a certain air of superiority which was visible in her manners, could not forbear to comment on her words, by saying, "Is it possible that your grandmother objects to your getting a little education, my boy?"

Oh no, sir; she would be very sorry indeed if I could not read and write; but I happen to be very fond of poring over all kinds of books, and we are sadly too poor to afford the time; besides, she has a kind of natural dread that I should grow up an author."

"An author!" cried both the gentlemen in a breath.

"Yes, sir; for my poor grandfather, on my mother's side, was one; and seeing he suffered distress and disappointment all his life, and brought us low in the world (though he was as good a man as any in it), no wonder she is afraid for me."

"But you cannot believe it possible that you could write a book, Locke?" said Mr. Strickland.

"Yes,* I think I could, sir; only people say there is a thing called grammar that no book should be without; and it is certain I know nothing of that;—as to the rest, I not only think I could write a book, but that I ought to do it."

"Are you already poetical, my young friend?"

"Oh no, sir, that is quite away too grand for a poor lad like me to think about: my book would be to tell people how to bring up poultry, and to get proper bait for different kinds of fish, and suitable kinds of manure for various kinds of vegetables, where to pick the best food for donkeys, how to choose the best willows for baskets, the best rushes for mats, and how—how—"

"Go forward," said Mr. Latham; "how to do what?"

The boy blushed excessively as he added, "how people that are very poor may struggle on

* These were the very words of a poor boy (to a friend of mine), whose successful industry and benevolent intention well merited recording.

without help from the parish, as grandmother and I manage to do."

"In that case, my boy, your book would be the best the world has seen for a few centuries."

"Oh no, it could only help poor boys like myself—it would not be like my dear grandfather's, and still less like those written by John Locke, after whom he named me."

"What was your grandfather's name?" said Mr. Strickland.

"Mr. H——n, sir; he wrote a great deal in magazines, and made books, also, that were published over and over."

"That they certainly were," said Mr. Strickland, "and well merited to be, though the author from motives of modesty, withheld his name; do you remember him, Locke?"

"I remember that he taught me to read, and that, as I stood between his legs, he would stroke my hair and sigh very deeply, and that I used to wonder why the tears were in his eyes; and the father would draw his arm under his, and say 'Come, let us walk into the meadows; it will do you good, my dear sir.' I recollect but little more."

"Was your father a farmer, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, he was: both he and mother, and

little sister, died of a fever soon after he was ruined and forced to go into the cottage which you have just seen."

"Ruined!—how came your father to be ruined?"

"I believe, sir, it is easy for farmers to be ruined, even if they mean very well, and are very careful; to be sure, I have been told, that after his marriage, father took to reading, which, of course, was bad for him, and that mother, though she worked too much, didn't know how to manage —besides, neither could bear to see dear grandfather go to prison in his old age, so they paid his debts, and that, with a distemper among the cows, quite reduced them, and, as it were, prepared them to die by the fever."

"And you, Locke, were left utterly destitute?"

"Not quite that; for father owed nothing to any one, and every body respected poor grandmother Eastwood; but the sicknesses and the funerals took all—they left us almost without a crust."

The memory of this afflicting period in his history overcame even the cheerful temperament of the narrator, who burst into bitter tears; nor could he utter another word until he arrived at the place to which he had become guide, when,

rousing himself to action, he entered into the business of the day. The anglers succeeded in gaining a fine basket of fish, and were sensible that he had been the principal means of obtaining it.

"You are really an expert fisherman, Locke; do you gain any thing by your knowledge?"

"I have not tackle for trout, or I could make it answer; but I get pretty well of roach and dace, and now and then a few eels, which are better worth having. My grandmother pots them very nicely, and we sell them at Basingstoke—any thing to get an honest penny by, and, thank God! we pay our rent famously now-a-days."

"Perhaps you have a kind landlord."

"Yes, sir, he's kind, but very particular in being paid punctually. He gave me my donkey because we were so exact, and quite a treasure it is. All our garden-stuff it carries to market, and brings back things for the neighbours. Many's the twopence I get, because they know I shall choose the right thing. I take the donkey, too, when I get the mushrooms we make ketchup of, and the herbs for grandmother to distil; and whilst I look for them, the poor creature finds a meal for himself."

"I now see," said Mr. Latham, "why your

worthy relation fears that you should consume time in reading, and that it is wise and good in you to refrain from it; but I hope it is not very painful to you?"

"Not if I am busy, sir; otherwise I should really pine after books. I know, also, that dear granny loves them as well as I do; so I think if she, who is old, gives up an indulgence, well may I do it, who can run about and find pleasure in every thing."

A few days closed the intercourse between our poor boy and his temporary patrons, who talked frequently about him, and often concluded that his abilities were of a far higher order than could be developed in his situation. They nevertheless thought that his present happiness and independence were such that it would be unwise to disturb it, and by that means probably introduce him to wishes that could not be gratified, and sorrows which could not be remedied. Far better was his present state than that of the long-suffering grandsire, whose sad story they had read in the "Calamities of Authors," and whose wants they had contributed to relieve through the Literary Fund.

About two years afterwards, as Mr. Strickland was one morning passing Middlesex Hospital, he

saw a person advancing slowly, as if to take po session of a space in the open pavement, with pile of willow cages on his head, and his arı loaded with baskets. The almost invisible mov formed a grotesque spectacle, and attracted t attention of two mischievous elves, who, by preconcerted plan, ran simultaneously agai him in such a manner, that he was thrown his centre; his light merchandise scattered a rolled into the dust.

Stepping briskly forward, Mr. Strickland ga one of the boys a stroke with his cane, and seiz the other by the arm, intending to turn him o for punishment to the injured party. This you who was clearing the path and securing his p perty, on seeing the culprit, and comprehendi why he was seized, called out, " Please, sir, to him go,—he deserves beating, but he is too lit for me to meddle with him."

The tone of the voice, and something in t countenance, struck Mr. Strickland as familiar his memory, but yet " those thin, sharp featur that tall, wasted form was unknown," until, w an exulting voice, the basket-seller exclaimed " Oh! I am so glad to see you, sir. I ha not seen a face I knew before in all London but indeed I beg pardon for being so bold—I a

the boy who got your honour the minnows at Nately."

"Is it indeed you, my poor Locke? What brought you here?"

"My troubles, sir. Poor grandmother has been six weeks in that hospital; but, thank God! she is doing very well, so I am quite in heart again."

"But have you left your pretty cottage entirely?"

"Yes, sir; we were forced to turn out, our losses came so thick upon us. First the damsons failed entirely, and they used to pay half our rent; then the slugs ate all my winter greens and French beans; and, lack a day! a poor hare ran into the garden one morning, as my grandmother stood by the open door, and all the hunt followed. They ruined the ground; but what was far worse, they knocked her down, and hurt her so much she was ill the whole winter, and all we had in the world went in vain, yet would not make her well again."

"How came you here, Locke?"

"Our good landlord, he who gave me my donkey, got a friend to put grandmother into this great house, and he sent her in the wagon, and I walked beside her to keep up her spirits. We

had nothing left, and I have been sadly pinched; but I have made shift to buy her a little coffee, and the doctors let me see her pretty often, and are very kind every way. In a few weeks she will be out and quite well, they say; and then I must look round for a place hereabouts, for our own dear cottage is now let to other people, and the garden ploughed up."

"I fear you have little chance of gaining another here."

"Well, then, I must keep her in my own attic, though she will want the sunshine and the sweet air sadly in her weak state."

"I fear, Locke, she will want more substantial things also."

"Why, no, sir; I hope now to get forward; you see I have a good stock of willow work to sell in the mornings, and I can earn three shillings a week by writing for the law-stationers: sometimes I get a job by tying and sorting things at Covent Garden; and if I had decent clothes, I know a schoolmaster who would employ me to teach the little ones, and to mend pens; and perhaps in time I might get to be parish clerk, for they have a very young man for one at a great church in the city, who keeps his mother, and does a deal of good among poor children beside."

"And you would like to do that, Locke, I really believe."

"To be sure I should, sir; with such a great man for a grandfather as I have had, and such a good grandmother as I now have, it would be a shame if I did not *desire* to do good, though I am forced to think of my own wants first."

A passer-by began to bargain for a cage, and Mr. Strickland, giving his card to Locke, and appointing a time to receive him, passed on; being eager to see his friend Latham, who, having property in the neighbourhood of London, and being a truly benevolent man, was likely to unite in any scheme for assisting a youth who had so fully proved that he deserved encouragement.

A few weeks after this happy meeting, Mrs. Eastwood quitted the asylum in which she had regained her health, and repaired with her grandson to a place in Isleworth, where the two gentlemen had appointed to meet them; from thence they all walked to a small house, decently furnished, in the midst of a market-garden, well stocked and fenced, which they were told to consider as their future home, on payment of a moderate rent.

Judge if you can, my dear young readers, what was the surprise, the delight, the gratitude of

poor Locke, as his eye glanced on the pale but happy countenance of his beloved grandmother, and thence to the lovely scene around him. The expanse of well-cultivated earth—scene of his future labours; the flowing Thames, covered with boats, in which sat numerous anglers; the long island planted with willows, and beyond that the ivy-mantled towers of the church,—pressed upon him alike a sense of power to provide for the future, and of actual wealth in possession, which filled his heart with joy, his eyes with tears, but for a short time rendered him incapable of speaking; and to the good old woman was resigned the happy task of thanking their benefactors.

But perhaps our friend Locke had pleasure quite as sweet, though less overpowering, when, after paying his rent last Lady-day, he laid two new sovereigns and two shillings on the table, and again for a short space was silent.

"What are these for, my good fellow?" said Mr. Latham.

"Perhaps, sir, as I believe you belong to them, you will give one guinea to that good society which relieves poor authors; I think every body who *any way* can, ought to help that."

"You are right, Locke; every body *ought*, though few do."

"The other I wish to give to the sick author, Mr. ——, who I take to be in my poor grandfather's situation. I want, too, to say, that as (through your honour's goodness) we have now a tidy house, good milk, pure air, sweet vegetables, and peace and quietness, if he would like to come to us we might nurse him well; but perhaps that would be taking too great a liberty with a man of his genius?"

"By no means, my young friend, for not only does your sympathy and benevolence, your constant and successful industry for several trying years, give you the right, but your abilities and virtues also. How often have you planted cabbages in your garden when you earnestly desired to plant ideas in your mind—and who shall say that they would not have yielded an equal increase? In obeying the call of duty you have conquered that of inclination; and by your steady self-control, your manly cheerfulness, and resolute exertion of natural ingenuity in various works of utility, have proved yourself to be the worthy descendant of a man of genius, though I once laughed at the term, when applied to my "little fisherman."

## THE TRAITOR'S DOG.

By the late Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER.

This little poem was suggested by the following passage in Scott's Life of Napoleon:—"Couthon, hugging in his bosom the spaniel upon which he was wont to exhaust the overflowings of his affected sensibility, &c." Couthon was a merciless Revolutionist, who, after concurring in all the murders of Robespierre, perished under the guillotine, along with him and others of a similar character.

They have frayed him away from the ghastly heap
Where his headless master is lying,
With blows, and with curses loud and deep—
See how fast and how wild he is flying!

But the guillotine's working must long go on,
Ere those murderous crowds disperse;
And Couthon's dog, till its task be done,
Need fear but a stone and a curse.

Now the last of the gory heads has rolled
In dust and in blood away,
And the clanging bell its latest tolled,
For what should the miscreants stay?

"Up! up!" they cry; "there's game on foot!—
"The traitor's dog!" resounds;
And away they go on the fierce pursuit,
With the rage of wild wolf-hounds—

Some north, some south, some east, some west,
The streets and the alleys through,
Till the Boulevards trees have waved their crest
At the sound of the dread halloo.

Oh, the hunted one! thus cruelly pressed,
Like a cottered child was sleeping
But yester morn on the master's breast,
Whose blood from his sides is weeping.

He stretches along with the flight of wind;
But soon is his speed decreasing—
The yell of pursuers comes close behind,
He hears it increasing—increasing!

No door will ope to that guiltless thing,
No voice for his life is pleading;
Like some wounded bird with a broken wing,
He has fallen all breathless and bleeding.

His death-yell sounds! his murderers come!
They are glaring like demons before him:
One piteous cry ere they sealed his doom—
The arms of a woman stretch o'er him.

Her lips are mute, but that saintly face
In every feature is speaking—
Who knows not a daughter of Mercy and Grace
Her errands of charity seeking?

Some brows are there that her hands untired
Have cleared from the damps of death;
And drowned lips, which hers have inspired
With the blest, life-kindling breath.

Now uproar ends, and a sullen hum
Through the scowling crowd is swelling:
"We give you his life—come, comrades, come!
Each citizen back to his dwelling!"

They have left her to pay back that scanty grace
With the prayer of a Christian soul;
To lift the poor victim of Cruelty's chase,
And bear him away in her stole.

She will waken him soon, in the ark of her cell,
From this trance of his mortal fear,
With Pity and her, their fond guardian, to dwell
Through many a "fair-coming year."

## A USELESS HOUR.

HAT shall I do next?" is a question that
ittle boys and girls ought always to be
ıg of themselves, whenever they are dis-
l to sit lazy or idle, no matter for how
: a time. Children, however, are not
e of the importance of their acquiring a
: of *always doing something*—of making
ſ moment subservient either to improvement
leasure. Independent of the various hours
ıpart in every well-regulated family for the
ies, whether public or private, and healthful
:ations in the open air, of young persons of
sexes, there must ever be many little
nents of time in the daily routine that are
ted to no particular purpose, and too apt
e heedlessly squandered as if of no real
e. Now the truth is, that those very frag-
ts might be so applied as to become of
imable worth. To demonstrate this, I will
loy a very simple simile. Two men are
essed of garden ground, the same in soil
extent. One of them divides his land into

distinct portions, where, in due season, the most lovely flowers and the choicest fruits take root and spring up: nevertheless, there are here and there little patches of the same rich earth, where nothing has been planted either for ornament or use. But the other proprietor, more wise, applies every inch of his territory to some profitable purpose, so that there is not the smallest corner left without some production of rarity and beauty. Now Time is just a possession similar to this garden ground; and the more of it in which we sow, the better shall we reap. For the amusement of my juvenile readers, I shall illustrate this truth by a little narrative.

Two sisters, one of them not much past the age of twelve years, and the other two or three years older, were daily busied with similar studies under private tuition at their father's house; and diligently did they perform their various tasks, relieved at intervals by favourite amusements. But it might have been remarked, that the elder possessed a superior industry and activity of disposition; and very frequently, when Mary was sitting with her hands before her, in a sort of listless vacancy, literally doing nothing, speaking nothing, and, I had almost said, *thinking* nothing, Caroline was snatching the spare mo-

ments to read some interesting passage, or ask some curious question, or discharge some kind office of duty or affection. In the twilight of the spring evenings, when dinner was over and before candles were brought, Mary often complained to her mother that no hour in the whole day was so tedious, and stupid, and useless. At length she began to observe that Caroline had a habit of always disappearing from the room at this wearisome hour; and her female curiosity was excited to know where she went, and what she could be about. One evening she was gone before Mary remarked her absence, and she resolved to go in search of her. Perhaps she was feeding her canary-bird in the school-room? No; there was plenty of seed and fresh water in his cage already. Perhaps she was in the garden looking at the young rose-tree she had planted that morning with her own hand? No; the delicate twig had been well watered by the sunset shower; she was not beside it. It was very strange—it was the most intricate enigma that Mary had ever met with in all her life; and, with an imagination as bewildered as ever student's was over the most difficult problem of Euclid, she walked slowly homewards. Now it sometimes happens (and so it was with my

young friend that night) that when we are in search of any thing, we are exceedingly apt to look in every place for it except the *one* place where it is most likely to be. It was odd that Mary never once thought of her sister being in her own apartment, yet so it was; and as she neared the house, vexed and disappointed at the failure of her schemes, she perceived her mother standing by the porch, and beckoning to her in silence.

" Come, Mary," said she in a low voice, " I will shew you what Caroline is about; but, remember, you must tread lightly, and speak not a syllable. She knows not I have discovered her, nor must she know yet."

So saying, she took her child by the hand, and led her up the staircase to the door of her sister's room. It was ajar; and I will tell you what they saw when they looked within. It was indeed a sweet retreat, that little maiden's chamber, with its latticed window looking out into the shrubbery, and the twining clematis and rich-scented rose and honeysuckle clustering thick around it. And if you had been in it of a summer's morning, you would have caught the songs of a thousand happy birds nested on every side, and you would have seen as beautiful a prospect

as is to be met with in all merry England;—wood, and hill, and stream, and meadow, stretching far, far away, till they seemed lost in the horizon. But now all was quiet in the dim twilight, and every object was shadowy and uncertain, save where the full moon, which had just risen, was streaming in with a calm and soft glory on the figure of Caroline. She was kneeling by her bed in the attitude of meek abstracted devotion, her up-turned face covered with her hands, and her long fair hair gleaming in the silver ray. No sound passed her lips, but she saw—she heard nothing; for prayer was busy at her heart, and every thing else was for the time forgot. It must have been a lovely sight!—youth, beauty, innocence, bending in mute and solitary adoration in the placid moon, that seemed to bless with its sacred light the secret offerings of a spirit, as pure and holy as itself! I cannot tell you all that passed in Mary's mind; but I do not know how long she would have stood gazing on her sister as if in a trance, had not her mother, putting her finger on her lip to enjoin silence, again taken her by the hand, and led her away.

"This is one way," said she, closing the door behind with an almost noiseless touch, "of

spending *useless* time, and a stupid hour m not be so stupid to every body as you wou have it. Caroline knows its value; and I a sure there is not one part of the whole day whi she feels to be so happy or so truly *useful*."

Mary said nothing; but when she went bed that night, she did not fall asleep quite soon as usual; and I do not believe she w afterwards remarked to sit counting her finge so often as before.

GERTRUDE.

*Edinburgh.*

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He loves to *spoil* a dinner!

## THE VILLAGE ROGUE.

By LAMAN BLANCHARD.

A TYPE of what we hourly see—
  This scene of pudding pillage;
The world itself may mirrored be
  Even in a little village.
We see this dish of droll distress,
  And laugh, when we should pity;
For Mischief meeting Helplessness
  Is seen in every city.

This Village Rogue no dish can pass
  But must by him be tasted:
Nor heeds he in his sport, alas!
  What rich drops may be wasted.
Observe:—'tis not himself to fill—
  No gain attracts the sinner;
Contented if he can but *spill*—
  He loves to *spoil* a dinner!

How hungry are his prying looks,
How anxious are his fingers,
As, all forgetful of his books,
He stoops, and longs, and lingers.
Yet, pick or plunder as he may,
That dish of cream or batter,
Whate'er he sips in such a way
Will never make him fatter!

I know a hundred rogues like this,
Who pass through life unchidden;
Who hourly joys and comforts miss,
In hunting things forbidden;
Who, though they've banquets cold and hot,
Rich fruits, rare wines, and fishes,
Are never easy, when they're not
At other people's dishes.

Reverse the picture—see him now
Some fifty summers older;
Mark his sly glance, his peering brow,
Gaunt frame, and stooping shoulder.
That is not, surely, Pleasure's port;
His heart Time daily rifles!—
Boys, be not "rogues," not e'en in sport,
Nor tyrants, e'en in trifles!

# THE PET DONKEY;

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

By MISS DAGLEY.

"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

SHAKSPEARE.

ND who that looks upon the heavy burdens, e hard fare, and still harder usage, to which is race of animals is subjected, will deny the ıth of this quotation? Yet in this class, as well in the human species, there are some few ceptions; and thus it was with the subject of e following tale.

Her mother had been introduced to the house a Mr. Swinton, a gentleman of Hampshire, r the sake of her milk, then thought necessary r the health of one of the younger members of ; family.

Daisy was at that time a small ragged colt, ıo trotted by the side of her mother, uncon- ious of the destiny which awaited her. So much nefit did little Henry appear to derive from the ilk, that both parent and foal became especial vourites with the family.

After a while, however, when Henry Swinton's ruddy cheeks, boisterous spirits, incessant and untiring motions, declared that the doctor's prescriptions and the ass's milk were no longer needful, Judy was discharged from her office, and given up for the accommodation of an invalid neighbour; but although, for the sake of benefiting another, poor Judy might be spared, to part with the little donkey was considered by the young folks of the family as absolutely impossible. No princess in a fairy tale, gifted by the liberality of beneficent genii, had ever more perfections in the eyes of its young admirers than little Daisy, who was declared to be the most beautiful, the most intelligent, and the most gentle creature that ever went upon four feet. She was indeed as patient and tractable as though subjected to the severest discipline, yet as full of glee and frolic as if she had never experienced the least restraint.

To bestow an appropriate name on this nonpareil of a donkey had cost our little friends as much study as it did Don Quixote to give a suitable appellation to his steed Rosinante;—very possibly my young readers may consider their study to have been to little purpose, as no point of similarity ever did or could exist between a long-eared ass and a flower; but, as I said before,

this donkey was, in the estimation of its partial mistresses, the quintessence of animal perfection; and, according to their simple and innocent ideas, nothing could better express beauty and joy than the name of Daisy, that sweet flower of spring, which is the favourite, and seems to be the very type, of happy childhood.

But to proceed with our story. The time having arrived for Judy to be sent away, petitions were preferred by all the younger members of the family, that the little donkey might still remain.

"Only think, mamma," said Julia, the eldest girl, "how willingly poor Daisy went without her share of milk, which did my brother so much good."

"Why, my love," said Mrs. Swinton, "in that respect, poor Daisy had no choice allowed her; or I doubt whether her good nature would have gone so far."

"Indeed, dear mamma, I think it would," exclaimed Ellen; "for one morning, when Patty was milking old Judy, the young one stood by, looking so sensible and good natured, as if she knew all about its being for poor Henry; and then to see how pleased she seems when we dress her with flowers and ribands, and how pretty she looks!"

"Ay, ribands may do well enough," interrupted Henry; "but flowers——I wish, mamma, you had seen her the other day, when Ellen and Julia had made her so smart, with great bunches of flowers—and some of them happened to fall over her nose, and it was such fun to see how Daisy began to nibble away her finery."

"Come, come, Henry," said Mr. Swinton, "you ought to be the last to talk about poor Daisy's indecorous behaviour; young donkeys may forget themselves at times, as well as young gentlemen, and pay no more regard to their fine head-gear than is paid to the decoration of his table by a little boy of my acquaintance, who once, on his birth-day, wished to have an entertainment, and his mamma had made him a fine custard, but—"

"Oh, hush, papa, hush!" cried Henry, with cheeks and ears glowing crimson red; "you know that was a long, long while ago—even my sisters have left off laughing at me about it."

"What does papa say to our keeping the donkey?"

"My dear children," said Mr. Swinton, "you know I am generally ready to comply with your reasonable requests;" and he laid a stress on the word "*reasonable.*"

"Well, dear father, and is this a very *un*-reasonable one?" timidly asked Julia.

"Perhaps not," replied her father, "in some respects; nevertheless, if I comply with it, it must be on certain conditions. For some time past, owing to Henry's illness, your mother and myself have not found our minds sufficiently disengaged to attend as usual to your employments —next week your brother will go to school, and then lessons will proceed as usual. Of late the little donkey has furnished you with occupation and amusement also; and if she remains, you must not think of running into the fields every minute to have a gambol with your new favourite."

"I know all that," said Julia; "and indeed we will attend diligently to our lessons, and only amuse ourselves with Daisy in our play-hours. It is such a pleasure to see the poor thing run to meet us, and rub its head against us, as if it asked to be made much of. Oh! there never was such a fond gentle creature!"

"But my dear girl," said Mrs. Swinton, "you have already so many pets, that I really think you can scarcely find time to attend to them all properly."

"That is what I was just going to observe,"

said the father; "and it appears to me that Daisy has evidently supplanted all the rest. Therefore what I propose is, that if the donkey is kept, the other family pets must be given up. Julia's young friend Charlotte Jefferson will, I doubt not, gladly receive the goldfinch and canary-bird that she so often admired; and Mrs. Wilson, I daresay, will be pleased to take Ellen's squirrel off her hands. Then, your little dog Frisk has so many admirers, that he will not long want a place. So now, my dears, choose—which will you keep, the old favourites, or the new one?"

There was a dead silence for a minute or two, the children looking at each other in consternation.

"I should think, Julia," added Mrs. Swinton, "that it would not give you much concern to part with your birds; for I have lately observed that they have appeared to be rather a trouble than a pleasure to you—I have more than once had to remind you to give them fresh water and seed; and it was only yesterday that I heard Ellen complain that her squirrel was grown stupid and sleepy."

Again the girls looked at each other, conscience-struck. All that papa said was true; Daisy had indeed so far supplanted the domestic

that the necessary attendance required
ɜm had become rather irksome, and been
med as a task,—for it was a rule laid
by the parents of my little friends, that if
ɾere indulged with keeping birds, squirrels,
' other animals, the charge of providing for
:tending these creatures should devolve on
ɔnly.

ıe time had now elapsed, and still the
ɜn could not decide what to do—they had
ɔated the delightful rides they should have,
mitted to keep the donkey; but then—
that there must always be a *but!*—the
on which they were to enjoy the new plea-
id not sit easily on their consciences.

this moment little Caroline, who was sta-
at the window, called them to come and
ıt dear Daisy, who had just met old Judy,
other, from whom she had been parted
lays—"Only see, mamma, what a fuss she
:ing, and how delighted she is!—and now
prancing round the field, as if she did not
what to do."

nd old Judy," said Ellen, "looks as if she
ıt—'What a little fool you are!'"

es," said Mr. Swinton, "she looks as
ı she would say—'When you have lived as

long as I have in the world, you will have done with these silly antics.'"

"And yet, papa," cried Julia, "she looks as if she could not find it in her heart to be angry with her young one, let her be ever so silly. Oh dear! we never can let Daisy go—such a merry, pretty, little creature!—at any rate, papa, we will consider about it."

"Do so, my dears," said the father, "and I will give you till to-morrow to decide on what you will do."

Even this respite was something, and the subject dropped for the present.

As Henry was going to school, he was not so much interested in the matter as his sisters; and little Caroline was too young to be admitted into the consultation. The matter in question was therefore discussed by Julia and Ellen; and so entirely did it occupy their thoughts, that during this and part of the following day, they scarcely knew what they were about. The music-master was grievously annoyed to find his little pupils, of whose abilities he was very proud, execute a duet far worse than they had done a fortnight before; and poor Ellen made so many mistakes in her copy-book, that it was evident her thoughts were upon any thing rather than her employment.

When the occupations of the day were over, the young people, as usual, sought their favourite Daisy, who was admired, caressed, and decorated with ribands; while the in-door pets, though carefully attended to, were scarcely noticed beyond what their wants required.

"I see," said Mr. Swinton, "how this matter will end. The urchins have become so fond of that creature, that they will do any thing but part with it."

Mrs. Swinton sighed: young as her children were, she was sorry to observe what she considered a proof of caprice, though, with motherly tenderness, she wished to put the best construction on their dispositions.

"To be sure," said she, "it is very natural they should be fond of the little creature—it is associated in their minds with the benefit their brother received from the ass's milk; and it is such a delightful exercise for them to ride about the field,—I do not wonder at them—and yet," added she, "I am almost sorry you gave them the choice—it has sadly perplexed them."

"I am aware of that," replied her husband; "but I wish to prove the character of their dispositions. Not, believe me, that I shall consider them grievously to blame for deciding as I imagine

they will; only, after this trial, I do not think it will be advisable to indulge their fancies in a similar way. Hitherto, nursing young birds, taming squirrels, or keeping rabbits, has been a source of innocent amusement; but I regard these matters in another point of view. A morbid sensibility is the last thing I should desire to foster in our children's minds, though one of the first things I wish to cultivate in them is humanity. Those people who indulge their own whims rather than a kindly disposition towards these creatures, by pampering them, are frequently the first to act cruelly by them. Does the pet lose its beauty, or any of the qualities that rendered it attractive in their eyes, it is sent off to make room for another; and the very animal which has been rendered susceptible by a blamable tenderness is often subjected to hardships, the misery of which it feels in proportion to the luxury to which it has been accustomed."

Mr. Swinton was here interrupted by the entrance of Julia and Ellen. The children looked sorrowful; nevertheless their step and manner assured the parents that the matter was decided.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Swinton, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes, mamma," said Julia, in reply to the

implied question, "we have determined what to do. We are all of us very fond of poor Daisy—but"—Julia's eyes filled, and she stopped—"But we have resolved to let her go," added Ellen, taking up the subject, as if fearing her sister's resolution; "we have been thinking a great deal of what you and papa said, and we know it's all very true about our having sadly neglected our lessons, and—" Ellen found that she had herself wandered from the immediate point, so she turned to Julia, who once more took up the matter.

"And so, papa," said the elder girl, "we think, that though it may be hard for Daisy to go away, yet it would be much worse for the poor things that have lived so long with us to go into strange places. As for Frisk, our little dog, I am sure, though many people may be fond of him, he would never like any body else."

"And my pretty squirrel," said Ellen, "though I did say he was sleepy and stupid, I would not have any harm happen to him that I could help; and Julia says the same of her bird: so, papa, if you please, we have settled to part with Daisy."

Again poor Ellen stopped, nor could Julia proceed.

"Well, my dear children," said Mr. Swinton, "you have decided as I would wish, with good

judgment and good feeling; and the proof you have given that you have not been actuated by capricious kindness inclines me to indulge your wishes in keeping the donkey."

It would be vain to attempt to describe the joy and gratitude expressed by the children for this now unexpected gratification of their earnest wishes—promises of diligence and industry were reiterated—good resolutions of early rising were formed—and plans laid down for the future, with a determination that their partiality for Daisy should never encroach on the time destined for their studies, or render them negligent of their other favourites.

The happy little girls then went once more to their field to visit Daisy, whom they now regarded with double satisfaction; they told her of her good fortune, and returned with earnest assurances that the animal understood what they said, and seemed to rejoice at the privilege of remaining among them.

Their parents never had occasion to regret the indulgence bestowed on their affectionate children; and with regard to the young donkey, every day made it a matter of congratulation that she had been retained, as never did one of her species exhibit so much docility and gentleness.

Somewhat more than twelve months had elapsed since the donkey had been established among them, and little Daisy, as she was still called, though with no pretensions to the former part of the title, being now a fine, sleek, and well-grown animal, was undergoing the operation of being rubbed down, brushed, and polished with more than ordinary care, for no less occasion than an excursion to an adjacent hamlet, near which was a wood abounding in acorns, nuts, and blackberries. This was a holyday, to which the children had long been looking forward. Some of my young readers may perhaps wonder that these little girls should anticipate a recreation of this kind with so much glee: the truth is, that it was the aim of Mr. and Mrs. Swinton, instead of giving them a taste for artificial pleasures, such as children's balls or public places, to preserve in the minds of their offspring a relish for simple and innocent enjoyments; and happier young beings could scarcely be found. To seek the first violets and primroses, was to them a gala; to sport in the hay-field, or go gleaning in harvest-time, constituted another of their prime treats; and I think any little boy or girl greatly to be pitied who cannot enter into such feelings with equal delight.

As I before observed, none of the holydays of this kind had ever been anticipated with so much rapture as the present excursion. The plan was this: that the children should have a very early dinner, and then set out; and Daisy, decked with smart blue rosettes, which his friends had been at infinite pains to form in the most elegant fashion, was to carry the young ladies by turns.

I need hardly say, that little was expected to be done in the course of that morning, which was passed in bustling preparation and noisy mirth. Good nurse Bridget, who was to accompany them, though doatingly fond of her youthful charge, could not help saying, she should not be very sorry when the day was over, for the children, dear lambs, had worried her almost out of her wits about it; even Miss Caroline had not let her sleep a wink since five in the morning, she was in such a hurry to be up and dressed.

It was agreed that the young folks should set off at two o'clock; but they were up so early, and so anxious not to be behind time, that they were all ready two hours beforehand.

"Well, Bridget," said Mrs. Swinton, "I see that these impatient urchins are not disposed to dine, so they may as well depart; and you can

take with you some provisions, for which, I dare say, they will have a better relish in the fields than in the house."

"Dear Daisy," said Ellen, apostrophising the donkey, "are you not pleased to go with us, and that the day is so fine?" But Daisy did not look glad or pleased about the matter, though she bent her head to meet the soft hand of her kind mistress.

The joyous party now commenced their journey; the light and fairy-like form of little Caroline was all that the donkey had to bear, as the two elder girls resolved to walk, considering they would have more need of her assistance on their return, as they would then have an additional load, in the treasures they intended to collect. It was not with our party as the poet has said of mankind in general, that

"Man never is, but always to be blest;"

they did not put off enjoyment till this or that circumstance should take place, but caught at every pleasure within their reach.

In the course of their journey, the mirth of the children became almost riotous, so that nurse had more than once to remind them that they were young ladies, and should not shout quite so

loud in the fields; she also entreated them to consider the heat of the weather, for if they scampered about so much before they came to the wood, they would completely tire themselves, and not be able to fill their baskets with nuts and acorns. These remonstrances were regarded for a short while, and then the exuberant spirits of the young folks broke out again; and good nurse Bridget afterwards declared, that the dear little souls were so happy, she could not find it in her heart to check them.

In about an hour and a half they arrived at the famous wood.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed Julia joyfully; "now for our baskets: Oh, I wish they were larger, for I know there will be such lots both of nuts and acorns! Only think what a wind there was last night; I dare say it came on purpose to blow them down for us."

"But now, dears," interrupted nurse Bridget, "don't you think we had better sit down and rest awhile—you will be sadly tired, and I should think you must be hungry by this time: come, darlings, do take a bit before you begin your sport."

The meal was highly enjoyed, but despatched quickly; for now every moment was considered

as lost till they entered upon their employment; but, notwithstanding their haste, the considerate children did not forget the donkey. A hovel or shed was selected in which to secure the animal, and having satisfied their own appetites, they did not fail to gather a lapful of clover that she might regale while they were away. This done, with happy hearts and renewed glee did the merry party start on their expedition; and three hours, three delightful hours, were spent in the wood and its vicinity, in shouting, laughing, tumbling, and scrambling.

Oh, what would not grown-up human beings give to feel again that buoyancy of spirit, that reckless happiness never experienced but in childhood! when nuts and acorns, shells and pebbles, are the treasures sought with all the eagerness, but none of the anxiety, with which, in after-life, fame and riches are pursued!

As I before said, the time passed only too quickly. Nurse Bridget, seated on the stump of an old oak, was appointed receiver-general on this occasion; but her assurances that they would not be able to carry away one half of what they had collected, were set at nought. The baskets were filled and refilled; and nurse could only bless her stars, and wonder that the children's

legs were not weary with scampering about so many hours.

At length the slanting rays of a declining sun, as they shot between the branches, warned Bridget that it was time to think of returning. Loud and vehement were the declarations that they had not been in the wood above an hour; most eloquently did they argue that it was still very early, even endeavouring to prove that the sun's going down was no sign of the close of day—then came entreaties for a quarter of an hour longer, as a new mine of wealth had been discovered of larger acorns and riper nuts than they had met with before.

Well, the good-natured nurse granted the quarter of an hour, as the day was remarkably mild and fine; but when they came to prepare for departure, what Bridget had said proved true: the girls had collected so large a quantity, that to convey it to the shed required some contrivance. Nurse tried to persuade them to take only the best part of what they had gathered, and to leave the rest; but to this proposal they could not consent. These little girls would at any time part with their money, play-things, or cakes; but no antiquary ever surveyed a collection of choice gems or medals with more delight

than they did their precious gatherings. Baskets, pocket-handerchiefs, and, lastly, nurse's pockets, were filled, I may say crammed; and still a heap of the treasure remained. At last, "I have a thought," exclaimed Julia, "how we can manage it. Dear nurse, only wait half a minute, while we bring Daisy here, and then you shall see my contrivance: come, Ellen,"—and away ran the two girls, followed by their no less nimble sister Caroline, who never would be left behind. With light steps did the merry party approach the shed, where the donkey had been left.

"I don't see Daisy," cried Ellen—"Oh, there she is—asleep, I declare!" "Asleep!" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of alarm, as she beheld the stiff and outstretched limbs of the animal—"asleep! —no, she's dead!" and poor Julia burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears. Ellen could not credit the reality of what she saw; and kneeling by the late favourite, she placed her hand on its side, anxious to feel if any pulsation of the heart indicated that life was still there; while little Caroline stood by in wondering consternation, looking from one to the other, hardly comprehending the reality of the scene before her.

It were needless to describe the grief and lamentations of the sorrowing party for the loss of their

favourite, nor could any reason be assigned for the sudden and unlooked-for death of the animal.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Swinton began to grow uneasy at the protracted stay of their children, notwithstanding their confidence in nurse Bridget, and the gentleness of the donkey.

"You need not keep watching at the window, Ellen," said Mr. Swinton to his wife; "depend upon it we shall hear them long before we see them."

But Mr. Swinton's surmise proved incorrect, as sadly and silently the little group returned to their home. The first sound of Julia's voice announced that something had happened; and the anxious parents hastened down stairs in alarm to learn what accident had befallen them.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she looked round and saw her darlings in safety, though in affliction. The cause was soon explained; and so much had the fears of the parents been excited, that the explanations became a relief to their minds, though they truly regretted the loss of the gentle animal, which had afforded so much pleasure to their children.

When the sorrowing party had assembled round the tea-table, no one could have imagined they were the same joyous party that had met

round it in the morning. The evening was passed in conjecturing what could have caused the death of their favourite, lamenting her loss, and eulogising her good qualities.

"To think," said Julia, "that the poor thing should just live to go with us to-day, as if she would give us her last services!"

"But how glad I am," rejoined Ellen, "that we never once switched her, or urged her to go faster than she liked!"

"My dear children," said Mrs. Swinton, "though I never wish to check your innocent enjoyments, yet, as it is a lesson that will be forced upon you, I must remind you that in this life pleasure seldom comes unalloyed by pain. In the present instance, though I do not wonder that you deeply lament the loss of your favourite, yet, on the poor animal's account, there is little cause for regret. While so many of her unfortunate species drag on a weary life, subjected to misery and hardship of every kind, this creature has enjoyed her existence to the very last, and may be said to have had more happy days than fall to the share of thousands of her race, who have lived a greater number of years than she has done months. Besides, you have the satisfaction of knowing the end of your favourite, which

might not have been the case had any contingency obliged us to part with her."

Ellen and Julia listened, and found, as their mother said, many considerations to console them. There is a buoyant elasticity of spirits in early youth, which quickly rises above the pressure of grief. The sorrow of their children passed from their innocent minds like an April shower. The following summer found them again planning their delightful excursions into the fields. Another donkey had succeeded to its predecessor, enjoying all her privileges, and endowed with all her good qualities.

My little readers may perhaps be surprised; for, after the descriptions I have given of Daisy's perfections, where could such a phœnix of a donkey be found? The secret is this — good usage brings forth good dispositions; and many a poor animal that is characterised as obstinate or vicious, would never have become so but from *ill treatment.*

## TO A TEAR.

By THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," &c.

WHENCE art thou, bright mysterious tear?
Where are thy crystal treasures born?
What bade thee hang so wildly clear,
A dew-drop on life's rugged thorn?

'Tis not a thing of space or time,
Thy living fount for ever gushing;
No! odours from a deathless clime
On viewless winds are with thee rushing.

And oh! what glorious hues are thine
Which gems of earth would vainly borrow;—
A diamond, in Joy's sparkling mine,
A pearl upon the wave of Sorrow!

Thou art of Eden! that blest tree,
With fruits perennial richly glowing,
Meet shadow for thy fount must be,
With healing balsam ever flowing.

Could earth-born drop such balm distil
On wounds beneath it, softly closing;
Could joy's bright cup be brightened still,
Were pearl of earth within reposing?

No! though thy task fulfilled on earth,
Thou mayst not with immortals dwell,
Each precious source that gave thee birth
May deathless bosoms softly swell.

Though joy in heaven may freely flow,
Nor need the sluice by thee supplied;
Though angels have no name for wo,
Pity may be with bliss allied.

There *must* be Love where God is seen,
There *must* be Praise where He is felt;
If Mercy smile where sin has been,
The heart with Gratitude must melt.

Then fare thee well! thou purest gem
Earth wears upon her troubled brow;
In life's wild waste, alas! for them
Who claim not kindred with thee now!

And though in that bright world above,
Doom'd from thy rainbow hues to sever;
Blest child of Pity, Joy, or Love,
Thy parents shall be *ours* for ever!

# LITTLE RACHEL.

Found amongst the papers of the late

REV. FREDERICK P. HOOLE.

LITTLE RACHEL was one of my oldest acquaintances; we became intimate with each other in the following manner.

One fine summer's evening as I walked out with no other companion than a little terrier, that took infinite pains to convince me I could find no better protection or amusement than he afforded, I suddenly came upon a little girl, sitting on a low stool at the door of a cottage, eating some bread and milk, and endeavouring to keep quiet a kitten which appeared to think itself entitled to a share. This was too inviting a group for Fury to pass without notice, and he accordingly soon commenced such a variety of alarming manœuvres, approaching nearer and nearer, and barking louder and louder, that little Rachel's courage altogether failed her; and scarcely knowing which to sacrifice, she

placed the porringer of milk on the ground, took the frightened kitten in her arms, and mounting the stool, bade the naughty dog "keep at a distance," in very valiant words, but words ill agreeing with her changing colour and hesitating voice.

As if perfectly aware such words would break no bones, Fury advanced with greater daring; and at length, just before I could interfere, brought little Rachel's distress to the extreme, by poking his impudent nose into her own porringer, and eagerly lapping the milk which was her own supper.

Poor Rachel! there she stood, the very picture of distress, able indeed to attempt the rescue of her porringer, but not without risking the safety of her kitten, and a great deal too magnanimous to recover even her just and undoubted rights by desertion of her friend. What she would have done I know not, but my interference soon restored matters to a better footing; and before we parted, little Rachel and I were the best friends in the world, and Fury was tolerated for my sake, till he became liked for his own.

The next material point in the history of my acquaintance with Rachel is dated at the openning of my Sunday school, when my little friend,

having somehow or other heard of it, never let her aunt rest till she brought her. But when the aunt was gone, and she found, by attentive examination, that she was by a great deal the least of all the little girls present, poor Rachel's heart failed her, and she began to say, "Oh! I wish I could get home, I wish I could get home." One of the teachers came up to comfort her; but having a Bible in her hand, little Rachel could no longer contain her fears, and she began to sob and cry most piteously; but it was not till the mistress of the school appeared, that the cause of this sudden burst of grief was discovered and removed. The mistress happily possessed the art of making such little girls as Rachel feel that with her they were safe, and her inquiries soon brought out the secret. Her "Why do you cry, Rachel? you wished to come here, and you are sure Mr.—— will let nobody hurt you," was answered with, "Oh! I can never learn that *great* book—I can never, *never* learn it." "Well, Rachel, you never shall learn the great book till you wish for it; I have a little book for a little girl, with little lessons, and that shall be for you, Rachel." The little book was brought forward, and little Rachel's eyes shone with pleasure through her tears, as she looked at

the pictures in it, and longed to know what they were about.

There was no national school at the place where Rachel lived, and her aunt did not send her to a dame's school on account of the expense; and never having had any school-learning herself, she thought Rachel might do without it too; but she always kept her well employed, or at least out of idleness and mischief; and it was surprising how many things Rachel could do before she was eight years old. At a very early age she distinguished herself by washing her pinafore in a puddle, and making it not more than twice as dirty as it was when she began. For this she got well scolded; but as her aunt could not help laughing, Rachel took it for granted that the fault lay in her having chosen the puddle instead of clean water. A bucket made her second attempt more successful, and she then became eager to dry it; and, by the aid of a piece of packthread and a couple of sticks set up very knowingly, this end seemed likely to be attained; but, alas! having no pin wherewith to secure it, the pinafore was blown away, and she had far to run before she could recover it, and found, by sad experience, how much time and labour may be lost for want of a single pin.

Little Rachel, with all her mishaps, had one very good quality; she was always endeavouring to do her best, and few little girls could do more with her means. Though she was not very quick, she was very attentive, and this made her teachers give her the more time, and be the more patient with her. She indeed got forward so well, that it appeared only right to reward her diligence; and I was very glad when an opportunity occurred by which I was enabled to put her into a clothed school, where I knew she would have many advantages, and be taken great care of.

When Rachel put on her new dress, she certainly seemed to think herself taller, but every body else most provokingly thought her less; she continued to be *little* Rachel, though removed to the great school. When she entered it, many laughed to see her walking between the head girl and another, for they happened to be the tallest in the school; but little Rachel trotted before the happiest of the happy. Many of those who thus laughed, soon looked more serious; for the new-comer took her place nearly half-way in the school at her book, and in the afternoon was placed in the first class at her sewing.

I was for a time much afraid that promotion

might do Rachel no good, and that I might have the mortification of finding (as I had too often done in other cases) that advancement led to idleness and self-conceit; but little Rachel continued the same good child, and never disappointed me. Often subjected to many petty hardships, often apparently toiling in vain, and almost broken-hearted by disappointment, still Rachel struggled on; and a word, or look, from the mistress she loved was sufficient to turn her tears to smiles, her anxieties to contentment. She was indeed a happy child; for she had good sense and a grateful, affectionate heart.

Little Rachel was now a scholar of some standing in the school, and had worked herself up to within a few places of the first class, when it so happened that two of the teachers left suddenly, and a third became so ill, it was necessary to supply her place. Could this have been foreseen a month before, there would have been more than one girl who would have exerted herself to obtain the vacant situation; but coming unexpectedly, the whole community were astonished to find, on examination of the books, that little Rachel Young must become a teacher. All wondered, some grumbled; but the thing was inevitable — she became "little Rachel the teacher."

Rachel found teaching harder work than learning; but she set to it valiantly, and both toiled herself and made others toil, till she and they were alike ready to drop. I have never seen any thing like her: she would stand before her class with her book in her left hand, held out at arm's length, in order to give room for the right; and as she gave sign after sign, and uttered syllable after syllable, as though the credit of the whole establishment depended upon her, it was more like the action of a runner straining his utmost strength, or of a sailor tugging at a rope, than any thing else I have ever met with. The moisture ran down her face in streams as she thus laboured; and never did teacher toil with a more sincere and single aim to get her scholars forward. It was well she did so; for had she given them time for rest and thought, perhaps few would have been willing to submit to little Rachel; but she got the machine in motion, and all felt there was no chance of stopping it till the clock struck twelve.

At length little Rachel began to grow: she had indeed been growing for some years, as might be supposed, but her constantly taking place amongst taller and elder girls, in consequence of her unremitting industry, caused her always

to be thought and spoken of as little. At the time when the *great* book, which she once feared so much, was committed to her charge, she was growing beyond her strength, and bodily weakness, added to her solicitude to do her utmost, was gradually destroying the fragile flower whose improvement I had watched with so much interest. My poor Rachel was no longer the playful child, the anxious scholar, nor indeed the little teacher; but this was not because she loved her school the less, but the more. The *great* book had done its work. It had not been forced upon her, but given when she was ready to receive it; and it had become the book she dearly prized, before it became her duty to teach it to others. Her tears fell frequently when she found her efforts ineffectual; and she was in truth a partaker of the cares and labours of a true servant of Christ, without having in the least particular lost the simplicity of a child, and the modesty of a female.

My poor Rachel!—it is useless saying more: she is gone—gone before *me*, I trust to that rest which God has prepared for those who truly love and fear him. Surely she did not live in vain; and if taken early, it has been from the evil of the world, and in her short time has accomplished a

long time. When I am disposed at times to use the words of the Prophet, and say, "Who hath believed our report?" I remember my little Rachel, and am ashamed of growing faint in the service to which my Redeemer hath appointed me. A child's lips have taught me some of the best lessons I have ever learned—a child's example hath often impelled me to exertion. I wish it were in my power to convey to others the feelings with which I write these remarks, and have traced this humble memorial; but I trust mothers and school-mistresses will understand them, and perhaps some school-girls also.



THE VILLAGE PUMP.

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Oh! who that lives where trees are born,
And where the wind with pleasant sound
Comes from the fields of yellow corn,
Where health abides and joys are found,
Would leave the happy wood and field,
For streets that brick and mortar yield?
Oh! where's the thoughtless mind would barter
Nature's sweet smile for Fashion's frown,
Would give up Nature's own free charter,
And bear the trammels of the Town?

## THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.*

By CORNELIUS WEBBE.

Oh! lovely as that lowly flower
  Which gives thy charms a name,
And blushes at its humble dower,
  Its homeliness of fame;—
Fair girl, with beauty gifted, yet
  Unconscious of the grace
Which Nature's loving hand has set
  Upon thy gentle face,—

Oh, simple beauty!—yet not so;
  For, rapid as the dance
Of thy swift pulse, thoughts come and go
  Across thy countenance,—
Now serious as the solemn moon,
  Now smiling as the sun,
Now sweetly mingling both,—till soon
  The gay and grave seem one!—

* *Vide* the Frontispiece.

Now joy laughs out at either eye,
  Soon flies, and lo! a tear
Dims o'er the sunshine of that sky,
  Which thought again makes clear;—
So through the varying feelings' range
  Thy varying features play,
From tears to smiles with April's change,
  But loveliness of May.

The daisy on the sunny hill,
  Kissed by the summer wind,
Soft trembles with a sudden thrill,
  As thou dost when thy mind
Comes touching tenderly some part
  Where sweet expression lies,
Unlocks the secrets of thine heart,
  And speaks its sympathies.

# JOCKO.

## AN INDIAN ANECDOTE.

THE following story has been translated from the MS. of a Portuguese traveller. It is of so extraordinary a character that many of my readers will be inclined to suspect the writer of having blended fiction with fact. I confess such is my own opinion; but when I call to mind some of the many wonderful anecdotes of monkeys, whose instinct has been but a short remove from reason, I do not consider myself justified in rejecting the account as apocryphal. My young friends will be, at least, amused by it, and will, perhaps, consult the better-authenticated statements of naturalists, either to contradict or confirm that which I lay before them. I should observe, that the writer had added very copious notes, with a view to illustrate and support every assertion he had made, and every fact recorded in the course of his narrative. They were chiefly in Latin, French, and English; and consisted, for the most part, of extracts from the best works on natural history.—ED.

I HAD resided several years on the island of ——, (as I do not wish to be known, I shall abstain from mentioning the situation I held there, as well as every other particular that might tend

to disclose my name.) I shall, however, relate the following anecdote; a singular fact, to which I owe in part the opulence I now enjoy.

It was the height of summer; the great clock of the parish church had just struck five; the heat of the sun was intense. Wearied by the application required by the duties of my situation, I wandered alone in the forest of ——, situated at a short distance from my dwelling. I had scarcely advanced two hundred yards into one of its darkly shaded and delightfully cool alleys, when I heard a slight rustling noise on my left, like that of a living creature gliding swiftly through the foliage. I listened awhile, but the noise ceased; and I continued my walk and resumed the train of my reflections.

A second noise, similar to the first, again struck my ear; I stopped, looked, and saw two pretty almond-shaped eyes peeping through the intermingled branches of several trees, and gazing upon me with a soft expression. The head to which they belonged appeared to be almost round; the nose small and short, but not flattened; and two fresh-looking lips, and a set of teeth white as milk, completed the features of a face which was at least pleasing. The colour of the skin, at first sight, bore a great resem-

blance to that of a young mouse, only heightened by a slight silvery tinge.

Whilst I was revolving in my mind what this creature might be, by a sudden movement it thrust its body half out of the foliage. I stepped forward to seize it; but in less than a second, it climbed, or rather darted, to the top of a cocoa-tree. I had then a full view of it, and observed that its limbs were supple and flexible, and that its height, as far as I could judge, was about four feet two or three inches. Seated amongst the branches, it seemed to examine me with the greatest attention. I beckoned to it with my hand to come down to me; it mimicked my motion and beckoned to me to come up; an invitation which I should have found it difficult to comply with.

My numerous travels had afforded me frequent opportunities of seeing and comparing the various species of monkeys; the ourangs, the jockoes, the pongoes; and I therefore soon perceived that the specimen now before me was of the latter kind; but I afterwards gave it the name of Jocko, because that appeared to me the prettiest.

When going out on my long and solitary walks, I generally carried about me a little

provision of bread, which I loved to distribute amongst the birds I met with on my way. Seeing that Jocko (for so I shall henceforward call her) continued to observe me with a sort of avidity, I took a piece out of my pocket, and threw it on the ground. She came down from the tree on which she had sought refuge with the rapidity of lightning, snatched it up, smelt it several times, looked first at me, then at the bread with an air of doubt and suspicion, and did not eat it.

I knew that this kind of hesitation is natural to the jocko and pongo species, and in order to remove the cause of it, I took another piece of bread, ate half of it, and threw her the remainder. She caught it flying with admirable dexterity, and ate it; then turning to the piece which she had at first rejected, she smelt it once more, and swallowed it with great avidity.

As I now remained a few minutes motionless, she extended her paw towards me, and waving it with a kind of impatient motion, seemed to ask for more. I threw several other pieces of bread to her, every one of which she caught with the same dexterity; but as soon as I advanced a step towards her, she flew to a great distance from me, and would not at all suffer me to approach her. I then began to walk backwards,

throwing bread at intervals; she cautiously followed, still stretching towards me her little paw, slightly shaking it now and then, and drawing it back towards her, emitting at the same time a soft, silvery, and condensed sound, which she variously modulated, and which was surely intended to express something.

At last, seeing that I did not give her any thing more, she took a sudden resolution, sprang to the top of a large cocoa-tree, and gathering several of the nuts threw them at my feet. I opened one of them with a large knife which I had in my pocket, and drank part of the milk and ate part of the fruit, and then retired at a short distance, to allow Jocko to eat and drink the remainder. This she immediately did, and in a way that convinced me that this kind of food was not new to her. Night was now coming on, and I bent my steps towards the town. The little creature followed me some distance, but finding I did not notice her, she reluctantly turned back, and slowly walked away.

The next day, about the same hour, I returned to the forest. Jocko was at the same spot where I had seen her the day before. I found her lying across the branches of some young trees, and looking out through the foliage. As soon

as she perceived me, she ran towards me with great demonstrations of joy; and in the eagerness of her haste, almost touched my clothes. She, however, did not remain, but climbed a tree a hundred yards from me. In order to dissipate her fears I assumed an air of indifference, and walked on, throwing pieces of bread on the road. She then came softly down, and having smelt them, probably to ascertain whether they were of the same kind as those of the day before, ate them with great appetite. I had put several soft biscuits in my pockets; I broke one of them in two, and threw one half to her; she caught it with her usual dexterity, smelt it, turned it about, looking at it with an air of hesitation, and did not eat it. I then took part of the other half, and carried it to my mouth, and threw her the remainder, which she devoured in an instant, as well as the piece she already held; after which she expressed her satisfaction by various bounds and gambols, skipping and springing before me, and tumbling into the most graceful attitudes imaginable; and ever and anon advancing towards me, with her paws extended to ask for more biscuits.

Every afternoon a repetition of the same scene took place; I went to the forest with my pockets

full, and came back with them quite empty; and each time, also, that I gave her a new kind of biscuit or cake she manifested the same doubt and hesitation; and would not eat of them until she had seen me taste them first.

Accustomed now to my appearance every day about the same time, she attentively watched my arrival. One day she ran to meet me, and placed before me, but still at some distance, several very fine cocoa-nuts. I could not help admiring her instinct; and having opened two of the finest nuts, I took one for myself and retired a little way off, to allow her to approach and take the other.

I drank the milk and ate part of the fruit of mine, and Jocko followed my example, looking at me at the same time with an air of intelligence. When it was time for me to return home, I amused myself by taking off my hat to her, and making her a low bow; at first she appeared rather embarrassed, but she had soon hit upon an expedient, and plucking some leaves of a banana tree, she in an instant, and with great dexterity, made a kind of cap of them, and, placing it on her head, made me a low bow in her turn, with an air of gravity most comical. We then separated and went our different ways.

Thus, by degrees, suspicion and mistrust vanished; and Jocko joined me without the remotest hesitation or fear.

One day she came to meet me, dressed in a kind of hood made of leaves interwoven; and holding in her hand a sort of cane ornamented with small leaves, which looked somewhat like a thrysus. Thus equipped she had an air half silly and half formidable, which made me smile. She had brought me several very fine cocoanuts; we ate the fruit and drank the milk of them together: in my turn I presented her with some biscuits, and we were the best friends in the world, when an incident occurred which had well nigh disturbed the harmony that existed between us.

I had brought with me, but without any preconcerted intention, a small looking-glass; I took it out of my pocket, and placed it suddenly before her. Terror, surprise, and jealousy, were depicted in her eyes at the same moment. She flew with fury to the figure she saw before her, to tear it to pieces; but finding that she seized nothing, she went, or rather darted, round to the back of the glass, came again in front of it, extending one of her arms behind it at the same time.

This scene lasted several minutes, until little

Jocko was almost exhausted with fatigue She then ran to me, trembling and out of breath. I put the fatal looking-glass into my pocket, endeavoured to console her, by giving her some of the cakes she liked most; and peace was soon made. Yet she still looked at me with an extraordinary expression; it seemed as if she strove to speak to me. That evening, also, she would not leave me; it was in vain that I made signs for her to go from me, that I even pushed her away; she clung to my coat, retired a few steps, and returned again to me. At length we came to the last trees of the forest; she then stopped suddenly, and sadly hung down her head. We have not yet either measured the extent or estimated the power of that intellectual faculty which we commonly call the instinct of the brute creation; and I felt always much sorrow in parting with so kind and gentle a little friend.

The day after this had occurred, I was unfortunately prevented from going to the forest as usual; some affairs of importance required my presence at home, and did not leave me a moment's leisure. I therefore did not see Jocko on that day, and on the following day, when I repaired to the spot; where we usually met, I did not find her. I called her, but in vain;

I went on, crying aloud, " Jocko! Jocko!" and striking my hands together: she neither appeared nor answered. My anxiety was extreme. At last I discovered her lying on the ground, almost motionless, on the very spot where I had shewn her the looking-glass. The poor little animal opened its eyes, and started at perceiving me. I made her swallow a few drops of a cordial which I carried about me. She seemed to breathe with difficulty, and her whole frame was extremely weak. I gave her something to eat—she could hardly swallow the first mouthful, but after having recovered herself a little, I could perceive, by the avidity with which she snapped every thing that I offered her, that my poor Jocko had been at least four-and-twenty hours without taking any food.

Her hunger being satisfied, we drank the milk of several cocoa-nuts, and then resumed our usual walks. I have already said that I had accustomed her to walk by my side; suddenly she stopped, and threw herself at my feet, which she pressed with her lips, throwing her arms round my legs. It was with difficulty that I could detach her from me. At last I succeeded, and raised her from the ground. She shook from head to foot. I made her sit down, and

offered her some little cakes, of which she was particularly fond; but she gave them back to me with an air of melancholy, and when day began to decline, she herself took the road that led out of the forest. During the whole way she appeared downcast and thoughtful; and when we separated she cast upon me a look so peculiarly expressive, that, I confess, it gave me a sensation of uneasiness.

I returned the following day at my usual hour, but again I did not find her; I called her and sat down to wait for her, and in half an hour after, I saw her running towards me with her wonted agility. She was breathless; I offered her a biscuit and some wine; she refused the biscuit, but eagerly took the wine, which she swallowed at a single draught; and then, seizing one of my hands, endeavoured to drag me after her into the thickest part of the forest. I must confess that I hesitated to follow her; I was afraid of finding myself amongst some monkeys of her species, and in too great number to be able to defend myself. However, after a moment's reflection, I overcame this involuntary feeling of timidity, for which I even upbraided myself, and followed her. She had an air of impatience, the cause of which I could not yet divine.

We proceeded about a quarter of a mile through underwood and bushes, and not without some difficulty on my part, until we reached a group of handsome cocoa-nut trees, in the midst of which I saw, to my great surprise, a pretty little hut covered with foliage, almost completed. I, however, immediately recollected that several celebrated travellers, and our first naturalists, have borne testimony to the existence of constructions of this kind. Jocko appeared delighted at her work; she clapped her industrious paws together, and repeatedly emitted the soft silvery sound which I have so often mentioned, and which was one of her greatest signs of joy. But it was soon succeeded by disappointment and grief, when she perceived that I could not enter the hut without stooping most excessively. She had proportioned the door to her little stature, and not at all to mine—her foresight had not extended so far. A kind of rage seemed now to have taken possession of her; and, hastily seizing the branch which determined the height of the opening for the door, she upset the whole in an instant; then, leading me a few steps off to a spot where lay several branches which she had prepared and collected as a stock of materials, she loaded me with some, took herself as many as she

could carry, and motioned me to follow her. I obeyed, and the pretended lord of the creation became on this occasion the labourer of a pongo.

She immediately set about reconstructing the entrance of the hut; a single glance was quite sufficient to enable her to judge of the height proportioned to my elevated stature. I assisted her with very good grace, and in a very short time the work was finished. In the interior of the hut, and near the door, I found two seats of some length formed with moss, and in one of the angles an ample provision of cocoa-nuts.

After having given full vent to her gaiety, appetite put in its claim; she sat on one of the seats of moss, and extended her two hands towards me, gracefully shaking them as usual when she wanted something. I gave her some bread, some hard eggs, of which she had never yet eaten, and some nice biscuits; and to judge by the avidity with which she devoured every thing I offered her, the little creature must have passed the whole night and part of the day at work.

But the moment arrived when it became necessary for me to return to the town; I cannot describe the surprise and grief of poor Jocko on seeing me prepare to depart. She remained motionless, as overwhelmed with unexpected

surprise, her body partly extended towards me, without attempting to stop me; but when I went out of the hut, she uttered a shriek so plaintive, that I could not help retracing my steps. I endeavoured to make her understand, in the best way I could, that I should come again the next day; and I do not know whether I succeeded, but I plainly perceived that she had planned and decided in her little head that we were henceforth to remain together; and for that purpose she had built a hut, made a provision of fruits and cocoa-nuts—in short, had formed a regular establishment after her own way.

All these proofs of sagacity and intelligence interested me very much, but did not in the least surprise me; I knew that the monkeys of the jocko and pongo species are in the habit of building huts; that, accustomed to unite in companies, or at least in families, they are no strangers to the use of fire, which they understand how to light, but do not know how to keep up; and I had seen so many instances of the powers of their instinct—of which Jocko had already presented a remarkable one—that I was now prepared for all I saw.

The next day I purposely repaired to the forest earlier than usual. It was with some difficulty

that I found the spot where the hut was built. Jocko was lying on her couch of moss; she started up at seeing me, and the usual silvery sound testified her joy. I had brought with me a saw, a hammer, some nails, a little box containing several small utensils, two cups, two glasses, a few plates, a coffee-pot, a steel to strike fire, and some tinder; desirous of putting the instinct of these animals to the test, of ascertaining how far they are susceptible of improvement, and of examining by my own experience the truth of the numerous facts I had found recorded in various books of travels and of natural history, the singularity of which had, I must confess, often excited many doubts in my mind. I gave all these treasures to my little friend, who seemed highly delighted; her eyes sparkling with joy as she looked at them and pawed them over. I took especial pleasure in adding each day to the furniture of Jocko's hut. I brought her a pitcher to carry water, two or three small tables, some folding chairs, and a little chest of drawers, which I conveyed to the forest piecemeal, not choosing to take any one into my confidence, and which I afterwards put together as well as I could.

One afternoon wishing to kindle a fire, I set

about teaching Jocko to strike a light. I could not refrain from laughing at her awkwardness ; she hit her fingers with the steel, and was frightened at the sparks that issued from the stone.

I took them from her, and having set fire to the tinder, I lighted a candle by means of a match. Jocko appeared petrified with astonishment on witnessing this operation, which was quite novel to her ; and, as she looked at it, her little face, naturally so expressive, was heightened by a mixture of admiration and fear, which displayed itself in a manner very peculiar and ludicrous.

I prepared a large space of ground at some distance from the hut, in the middle of which I established a hearth. She expressed no surprise on seeing a fire, with the use of which, I have already said, her race is acquainted ; but she appeared totally ignorant of the way of keeping it up by adding fuel, or by stirring it. I had brought a pair of tongs and a shovel, which I taught her how to use ; and I must here admit, that she appeared to understand, and certainly imitated, all that I did with admirable facility. True it is that I was obliged to repeat my lessons more than once.

I sent Jocko to fetch some water, and having filled the coffee-pot and a little saucepan, I

amused myself by teaching her to make coffee and tea. I must not omit to mention, that an earthenware tea-pot was also one of the articles of Jocko's household goods. She seemed to think both tea and coffee excellent, particularly with a good deal of sugar; and it was highly ludicrous to see her gravely stirring the contents of her cup with a little wooden spoon. She had at last succeeded in boiling eggs, either hard or soft, at will, and in cutting slices of bread with a little knife which I had given her; but I had much difficulty in teaching her the proper quantity of tea or coffee to be taken in order not to make them either too strong or too weak.

After some trouble, she had also learnt how to prepare the table for a meal outside of the hut; to lay the cloth—that is, to cover it with large banana-leaves, to place two chairs opposite each other, one for herself and the other for me; to adorn the table with flowers and fresh leaves, and to arrange on it, with some kind of symmetry, our wooden plates and dishes, and, on the latter, the fruits or the dry sweetmeats and little cakes which I brought from town. She was so very intelligent and so handy, that for cutting slices of bread, and making bread and butter, I would have matched her against any lady of Lisbon.

Jocko always waited upon me with unremitting care, zeal, and attention, invariably helping me to what appeared to her the best fruits or cakes —the best in her estimation being, of course, the largest—and taking for herself those which, from their more diminutive size, she thought to be of less value. After some trouble, I had taught her to uncork a bottle with a cork-screw, to wash the glasses, and to mix water in her wine; and she also knew that liquors were to be taken in smaller quantities than wine. In short, there was a sort of elegance in these little meals which would have surprised any one who had known that they were prepared and arranged by a young animal whose natural instinct had been almost her sole guide and instructor.

I had taken into my head that a little dress would not ill become my friend Jocko, and had therefore purchased for her some shawls, with which she suffered me to adorn her, and which she would carefully put up in her chest of drawers when she took them off. Generally speaking, I used to read whilst partaking of the fruits, eggs, and cakes, which formed Jocko's afternoon entertainments; and she, considering herself bound to imitate me in every way, would, on those

occasions, also take up a book and hold it before her: it is true that it was most frequently turned upside down, but that was a matter of perfect indifference to her. When I turned over a leaf, she turned one also, marked her place with the riband, shut the book, and put it down on the table, when I did so; and on a sign being made by me, she would clear the table, wash the plates, glasses, and cups, and replace every thing on the shelf of her hut in very excellent order, and without breaking any thing.

These simple but amusing scenes were every day repeated without ever tiring me, for I felt much interest in observing the progress of animal instinct. In the afternoon, as soon as my business was over, I invariably went to my little Jocko's hut, where I read or wrote as if I had been alone; and most frequently I found a little meal prepared for me when I arrived.

Jocko never touched any of the provisions that I left in the hut, until I had given them to her by placing them before her; but she could very well distinguish the things which belonged to her individually from the general and common stock, such as some little boxes, her own wearing apparel—that is, the shawls with which I had taught her to dress, some rings of glass, and a

pair of ear-rings. The mention of this latter article of Jocko's casket, brings to my recollection that it was not without a great deal of trouble that I succeeded in boring her ears; she shrieked and struggled, and endeavoured to escape, and I was obliged to appear seriously angry with her to induce her to submit.

I had brought her one of those wooden clocks called cuckoos, which are made in the Black Forest, in the hopes of teaching her to count and to know the hour; but all my endeavours proved ineffectual—she never could understand what I meant. I had, however, been confidently told that monkeys had been seen of the various species of ourangs who could count as far as five.

Sometimes, after taking my afternoon refreshment in the forest, and frequently whilst sipping my tea or coffee, seated opposite Jocko, I used to meditate, or compose and write letters; and on those occasions, Jocko, who never failed to imitate all my actions or motions, would, on her side, assume a studious look, or take up the pens which I had thrown away, and scribble over every piece of paper she could find, with the greatest gravity. What would any European have said or thought in witnessing such a singular *tête-à-tête?*

One afternoon, having fortunately gone out earlier than usual, I was surprised not to find Jocko waiting for me at the entrance of the forest; I bent my steps towards the hut, and, as I approached, I heard moans. I listened, but all was silent; I rushed into the hut, and there I saw the poor little animal stretched on her moss; her limbs were torn in several places, and thorns and small stones were sticking to various parts of her body, as if they had been forcibly driven into the flesh.

I lifted her up, and for an instant thought her dead, but she was only in a swoon; I made her smell, and afterwards swallow, a few drops of some spirituous liquor, and she was soon sufficiently recovered to indicate by her signs, at least I understood them so, that she had fallen from the top of a high tree, or down a precipice. Thanks to her care, there was still a little fire burning outside of the hut; I immediately warmed some wine and washed her wounds. The poor little creature opened her pretty gazelle-eyes, and looked at me during the operation with an air of gratitude; I afterwards bruised, between two stones, some herbs, with which I made compresses to apply to the wounds; but, on examining them, I found, to my utter astonishment,

that Jocko herself had already partly filled up the wounds with medicinal herbs, which she had chewed for that purpose; but she had not extracted the thorns and small sharp stones which had sunk into her flesh, probably on account of the pain it would have occasioned her. This I now endeavoured to do, as carefully and as lightly as I possibly could; and having succeeded, I tightly bound the compresses on the wounds by means of bandages made of strips of handkerchiefs. I then covered her with fresh banana-leaves, and sat down by the side of my little patient, who sighed and moaned so softly, and at the same time so piteously, that I could not, in spite of myself, refrain from shedding tears.

I would have given the world to stay by her all night, but I was afraid of the uneasiness which my absence would occasion at home. The poor animal was in a high fever; I felt her pulse frequently, and each time she readily extended her arm towards me to enable me to do so. At last, when I found that I could not remain any longer, I placed upon a table near her bed several glasses of water, some slightly tinctured with wine, and the others sweetened with a little sugar, explaining to her by signs that she was to

drink of each alternately, and arranged under her head pillows made of moss covered with banana-leaves. She held my hand and pulled it towards her, as if to ask of me not to leave her; then she licked the tips of my fingers with her little tongue, which was now burning hot—and when I went out of the hut she heaved a deep sigh. The next morning, as soon as daylight appeared, I hastened to her. I found her without fever, but so weak that she was unable to rise from her bed. It was apparent that she had perfectly understood what I had endeavoured to explain to her by signs, and that she had used the beverage I had prepared for her on the table to quench the parching thirst which the fever gave her, as not a single drop remained in any of the glasses. In her turn she now made some signs to me, which were then quite unintelligible, but which, as will be seen presently, were explained in a few days after. She shewed me her wounds, moaned, and then turned her eyes towards the chest of drawers which I had given her.

I did not like to dress the wounds whilst she was yet so weak, lest I should hurt her too much on taking off the compresses; and therefore merely gave her a biscuit dipped in water, to

which I had added a drop of wine. She took it, and licked the ends of my fingers, which was one of her usual ways of manifesting pleasure or returning thanks; I then left her, after having filled the glasses on her table with sugar and water, with a slight mixture of wine. It is needless to say that I returned in the afternoon; Jocko was asleep when I arrived, and I did not disturb her; and she appeared highly pleased to see me by her side when she opened her eyes.

As twenty-four hours had now elapsed since her wounds had been first dressed, I thought it advisable to examine them; which I did, taking every precaution not to hurt her too much in tearing off the applications.

Fortunately, my poor Jocko was only slightly bruised about the head, and although all her limbs were frightfully mangled, there was no fracture in any of them. I had brought with me some lint and agarick, with which I made fresh compresses, and bound up the wounds anew. The fever had entirely left her, and I therefore began to allow her to eat again some vegetables, fruits, and biscuits or cakes; meat she had never tasted, and I intended that she never should adopt a habit so pernicious. I could see that

she was voraciously hungry, but I would not yet let her satisfy her appetite, fearing the consequences; neither had I much difficulty in making her refrain from food, for, however incredible it may appear, even when in full health, she never would touch any of the provisions of any kind that I might leave in the hut, if I had once pointed at them, and made a sign to forbid her to take them; the next day I invariably found every thing as I had left it.

She now began gradually to recover, and at the end of a few days she was able to sit up on her bed; but she was still so weak, that having endeavoured to stand on her legs she fell down.

On one of the following days I took it into my head to bring a guitar with me, to observe the effect which music would produce upon her. At first she was frightened, particularly when, after having passed her fingers over the chords, she heard the sound produced by their vibration; she hastily withdrew her hand, and, with an air of curiosity and uneasiness at the same time, looked first behind the guitar, then inside, and lastly at me, with inquiring eyes.

I took the instrument from her hands, and

sang with accompaniment a Venetian barcarole, and afterwards the beautiful music of Raph, to these words :—

" Solitario bosc' ombroso,
A te vien l' afflitto cuore." *

No ! I cannot possibly describe the surprise, the delight, of poor Jocko ! All her faculties seemed suspended—she scarcely breathed. But of a sudden, waking as from a dream, she hastily rose, ran towards her chest of drawers, opened the drawer to which she had a few days before endeavoured by signs to direct my attention, and brought me — O, ineffable surprise ! — several shells of various colours, and amongst them about thirty of the largest diamonds I had ever seen, similar to those found at the foot or in the clefts and craggs of Mount Orixa !

At the sight of these treasures the sordid feelings of the European prevailed over those of the man of nature ; base avarice, unquenchable thirst of riches, in an instant fired my breast. I took Jocko in my arms, I pressed her against my heart with transport ; I kissed the diamonds

* Lonely and shaded grove,
Thee seeks the sorrowing heart.
*Translator.*

one after the other to shew her how much I was pleased with them, I imitated her own favourite gesture, extending my hand towards her, and shaking them as she used to do when wishing for more biscuits or cakes, and taking her by the arm, I advanced towards the door with eager step, pulling her after me.

She looked at me with surprise, but seeing that I again persisted in my intention, and observing my gesture half entreaty and half commanding, which I repeated more than once, she hung down her head, shewed me her wounds with an air of dismay, and sat down upon the ground leaning her head upon the edge of her bed.

I raised her up, gave her some of the sweetmeats which she liked best, and a glass of *liqueur* to recruit her strength; and taking my guitar, though extremely agitated, I sung two or three *notturni*, which soon restored the little animal to her former composure, and produced the same impressions of delight as before.

What will my friends say to this? A man singing and playing the guitar to amuse a pongo! Ah! I, on the contrary, felt proud of my attentions to my poor little patient; and thought that by procuring her a few moments of inno-

cent joy, I in part atoned for the unworthy feelings of cupidity which I had been unable to suppress.

In less than a fortnight Jocko was quite well; and we resumed our evening meals, our walks, and I had almost said our reading, for, as I have already mentioned, whenever I took a book she immediately took one also, and mimicked all my actions with the most ludicrous gravity. After we had eaten our eggs, our sweetmeats, and our little cakes, she would wistfully, but timidly, look at me, watching my motions, and on the first sign indicative of my consent, would run for my guitar and bring it to me. I would then play on it for a while and sing an air or two, and Jocko's delight and ecstasy were always as great as the first time she had heard me.

It will be easily imagined that I did not abandon the ambitious views suggested by my cupidity; I repeatedly shewed Jocko the diamonds she had brought me, I kissed them, I caressed them with my hand, I suspended them to my coat, and afterwards put them back into my pocket with particular demonstrations of care, hoping thus to make her understand the value I set upon them, and my covetous desires. And it seems that the little creature did understand

me perfectly well, for she would immediately hang down her head and look disheartened.

One day, having arrived later than usual, I did not find Jocko in the hut, nor any thing prepared outside. In general the table was arranged, the chairs placed, and a fire lighted. I began to be rather uneasy, and went as far as the outskirts of the forest, looking right and left with some degree of anxiety. In about half an hour I saw her running towards me: she appeared breathless, exhausted with fatigue, and in a few minutes fell senseless at my feet. A bundle covered with banana-leaves, and containing something which seemed very heavy, hung on her right arm; I immediately endeavoured to take it from her, and the effort having brought her to her senses again, she herself tore off the leaves. O! how shall I express my feelings at that moment? my eyes swam in my head, I almost sunk to the ground, when, after having placed before me several magnificent shells of various colours, which the innocent creature seemed to prefer to all the rest, she gave me a quantity of diamonds at least triple the first. I raised Jocko from the ground; she was panting and half-choked either with fatigue or the rapidity of her steps. I could scarcely contain myself for joy; the present, the

past, the future, all rushed to my mind at once, and as it were overflowed my heart. Reader! do not judge of me by this description; could you but know the whole history of my life, you would, perhaps, be convinced that the sordid European feelings which I here displayed were foreign to my natural and usual disposition. But I forget that I am not writing my memoirs, but merely a simple anecdote, a single circumstance of my life, sufficiently important, it is true, since it had the effect of changing entirely the whole course of my destiny.

Jocko stood for a few minutes looking at me; after I had recovered a little from the transports of joy and exultation in which I had indulged, she shook her little hands to ask for something to eat. Nothing was ready; but I always had in the hut a good stock of dry fruit, sweetmeats, cakes, and sweet wine, which she preferred to the choicest *liqueurs*. She ate and drank with avidity; and this time she did not appear hurt; however, on examination, I found several bruises and scratches on different parts of her body.

The numerous observations which she had enabled me to make, had tended to confirm my system respecting the instinct of the brute creation — that most philosophical part of Nature's

history. I had ever considered such observations, so pleasing and useful to minds engaged in the research of truth, as one of the subjects most worthy of arresting the attention of thinking and sensitive beings; in fine, as one of the most interesting chapters of the book of Nature.

I had often regretted that Jocko was deprived of the faculty of speaking; and that her language was confined to her looks, which were, it is true, most expressive, and to the sounds of voice which she frequently emitted and variously modulated. I had more than once examined and pressed with my fingers the lower and internal parts of her jaws, and the muscles of her throat, with a view to try whether I could make her pronounce her own name; and the poor little animal, guessing my intention, endeavoured with all her might to do so; but in vain — she never could utter more than the vowel which is twice repeated in the word Jocko, and the two vowels which occur in my name.

But to return to the diamond scene, and to Jocko, who, exhausted with fatigue, had fallen asleep. Having awoke, she remained some minutes motionless, as if benumbed and stiff in all her limbs from pain and exertion, but soon recovering again, she went as usual to fetch

my guitar, and gave it to me, looking at me with an air of more than her wonted expression. It almost seemed as if the little creature guessed my thoughts, and knew that she was in a great measure the cause of the melancholy reflections that assailed me. What to do with her in the event of my departure, or what steps to take, was more than I could resolve upon. To abandon her was an act of cruelty which I could not even think of; and to take her away with me was open to a thousand objections and inconveniences. I could not hope for a considerable time after my arrival in Europe to be able to attend to her; and whether I should send her to my house in town, or to my country house, she would be unavoidably neglected by the servants, and perhaps even become their sport; so that I could foresee nothing but misery for the poor animal—and she was the source of the immense fortune I was going to enjoy!

Will it be believed? — but, to my sorrow and shame be it stated — I tried by all possible means to make her understand that I wanted to know the place where she had found these treasures; and being unable to succeed, I was inhuman enough to be angry with her, and even to threaten her ——— Oh, Europe! thy cold

poisons pervert and stifle the best sentiments of the heart, and, like the scum that floats on the surface of the waters, they rise superior to every nobler feeling of our nature.

Every day added to my uneasiness respecting the future fate of poor Jocko; I could not look at her without a pang — I could only sing plaintive ditties. The anticipation also of what I had to expect on my return to the land of my birth, or the recollection of the sufferings that had obliged me to banish myself from it, and seek a refuge in another hemisphere, tended to increase the depression of my spirits, which became at last so visible that it struck all my friends.

One day, the 28th of December, 18—, propelled by a secret feeling of anxiety, I left home earlier than usual, and directed my steps towards the forest. I had taken a provision of those cakes and dry fruits which I knew my little Jocko loved best; and, impatient to arrive, I was proceeding at a quick pace; — suddenly I heard at some distance a noise unknown to me. I hastened my steps — oh terror! the path is marked with traces of blood — I rushed forward, and presently saw before me an enormous serpent, which I at first took to be of the boa species, but which I soon afterwards perceived

to be one of those immense Java snakes, about eight or nine feet long, which are called yellow and blue, from their skin, variegated like a tiger's, and marked with squares traversed by a streak of the most brilliant azure. The horrible reptile had seized the unfortunate Jocko, whose limbs were already frightfully torn in the struggle, and exhibited large wounds, from which flowed torrents of blood.

I never went out alone without a double-barrelled pistol in my pocket. I took it—aimed at the head of the monster, and wounded him. He immediately left poor Jocko; and raising his neck and bending backwards, was going to spring upon me, when a second shot put him to flight, and he went and expired about a quarter of a mile from the spot where this scene took place.

Jocko lay senseless on the ground, not only from the loss of blood, but also from the terror occasioned by the noise of the report of the pistol, without mentioning the natural horror which the sight of a serpent inspires in a monkey. I took her up, carried her to the hut, and laid her on her bed. She had, as usual, lighted a fire; I washed her wounds, which were dreadfully severe; I bruised certain herbs between

two stones, as I had done on a former occasion. I made bandages of my pocket-handkerchief, strongly bound up the wounds, and succeeded in stanching the blood; after which I gradually brought her back to her senses by the use of salts and cordials. She was so pale that a shade of white seemed to have taken the place of the natural bister colour of her skin, and in this state she was not unlike a being of the human race, and resembled a girl of fourteen. In a short time she opened her eyes, uttered a feeble groan, and closed them again. No! I am not ashamed to confess that I shed tears in abundance. I felt the pulse of Jocko; anxiously followed its movements, and could foresee, from their intermittent acceleration and slowness, that she would in a few moments be attacked with a violent fever.

Could I have been calm at such a moment — had it been possible for me to think of any thing but my hopes and fears respecting the fate of this interesting animal, what numerous and curious observations I might have been enabled to make by examining with care the various emotions of terror, hope, and despair, which were alternately depicted in the countenance of the unfortunate victim! Jocko, deprived of the

faculty of speaking, did not articulate any sound intelligible to us; but what divers sensations were expressed in her looks! They spoke but too forcibly — they told, in most unequivocal language, that her sufferings were most acute; and her eyes, lighted up by fever, eagerly followed all my motions. What anxiety — what terror did they not express, when I went but for a single moment from her side!

Could I leave her? and on the other hand could I think of the uneasiness, the consternation that would prevail amongst my servants and friends were I to pass the night in the forest, and they not to see me return home at the usual hour? I shall perhaps be blamed when I state that I gave the preference to a pongo; but, for myself, my conscience only upbraids me for the single instant of doubt and hesitation that I had experienced.

I had advanced towards the door of the hut — a shriek of Jocko brought me back by her side. I gave her some calming draughts, to diminish, if possible, the horrible sufferings she endured. For a moment I thought she was saved; her convulsions ceased — she seemed to breathe with less difficulty — the fever left her as by magic — "Jocko! Jocko!" exclaimed I. She turned

her pretty little head towards me, — looked at me with an expression of gratitude and affection which I can never forget — made an effort to rise towards me — fell again upon her bed, and breathed her last.

Three days after this I sailed for Europe.



THE END.

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